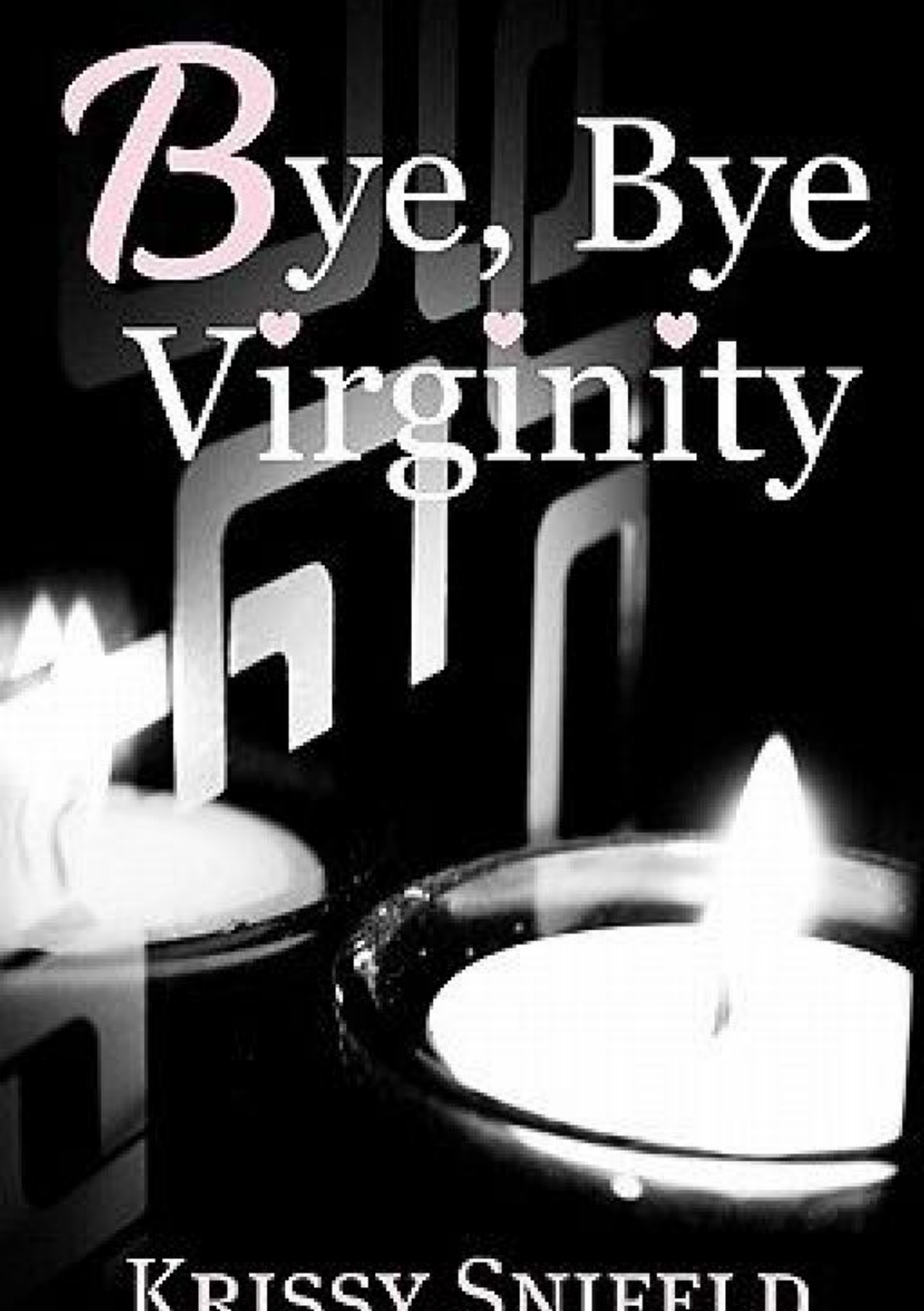
Bye, Bye
Virginity
Krissy Sniffle

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Bye, Bye Virginity

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Chapter 1

Chapter - 01

Bye, Bye Virginity

Warning

T

his series contains mature content, including explicit and suggestive language, sexual themes, drug and alcohol use, addiction, violence, and overall mature themes throughout the series. This story has darker themes and is not suited for all readers .

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Chapter 1

I walked out of the bathroom and began to slowly make my way down the narrow hallway. My hands were tucked deep into the pockets of my little pink pajama pants in an attempt to keep my fingers warm. The night air was chilly and as I silently made my way back to my bedroom I couldn't sway my mind away from the thought of sliding back under the warmth of my plush blanket. I was only sporting a tiny little black tank top and already I was starting to feel the goose bumps rising up on my arms.

The house was silent. The only noises were the sounds of the wind howling fiercely outside the window and my older brother's epic snoring echoing down the hallway. My parents were away for the weekend, gone on some major golf tournament, which left the house to me and my brother. Not that it was much of a surprise, being left unsupervised was the norm as my parents were hardly ever home. If they weren't away for golf then it was business or another vacation, either way they were really only home a few days a month.

Before they departed, they had left implicit instructions that we were not allowed to have any friends over. Naturally, my brother decided to rebel against my parent's authority and invite his utterly hot friend over for the night. I honestly didn't mind the eye candy and my parents would be none the wiser. Also, it didn't hurt that the guy was unbelievably sexy and one of the most popular guys at our school, Kersha High. I couldn't help but stare at him with quiet reverence and awe every time I saw him, even though he barely even acknowledged my existence.

As I reached my bedroom door I turned the knob and walked into my warm and cozy bedroom. My heart skipped a beat and my breath was caught in my chest as I realized there was someone sitting on my bed. It took me a moment to realize who it was as relief washed over me. It was only Damen, my brother's friend.

He was wearing a pair of black and red plaid pajama pants with a tight white muscle shirt. I could see every perfectly chiseled muscle through the thin

fabric of his shirt, which instantly caused me to breathe in sharply. His tousled brown hair was about an inch long and stood up on all ends, indicating he had probably been tossing and turning in bed for hours.

Then suddenly the relief transformed itself into mild confusion. I mean, sure, I was relieved that it was Damen in my bedroom and not some creepy stranger danger crawling in through the window, but I thought to myself, 'what was Damen Hurtz doing in my bedroom?'

"D-Damen?" I stuttered as I took a few more brave steps into my bedroom. "W-what are you doing in here?"

And there it was, my very first words ever spoken to this demi-god, Damen Hurtz. Although Damen had been my brother's friend for years I had never exchanged any sort of verbal dialogue with him before. Hell, I'd never really spoken to any of the student body at Kersha High.

"I couldn't sleep," he finally replied.

I frowned, my eyebrows raised in confusion. "So you decided you come into my bedroom?"

"Well, I wanted to come see you," he answered quietly as he stood up and began to walk toward me. Instantly, I felt my heart begin to beat more rapidly and my palms begin to get clammy.

"M-me?" I asked, still completely dazed and somewhat confused. I mean why would he want to see me? Damen was two years older than me and completely out of my league. "But why me?"

He took one last step that brought him only inches away from me. "I can't get you out of my mind, Stasee," he whispered near my ear. His hand reached toward me as his fingers traced along the outline of my face. The second his rough skin brushed against my cheek a shiver of desire ran down my spine.

I stood there completely stunned speechless as I continued to just stare into his deep brown eyes. My heart continued to thump until it was racing at an abnormal and unhealthy rate. I wondered if it was possible to have a heart attack at my age.

"Stasee," he began to speak in this whispery deep voice. He placed both his hands onto my hips before pulling me closer to him. "I can't explain the way you make me feel."

"I-I...uh, b-but you...I'm not, uh." I stuttered, not being able to even remotely turn any of my words into a coherent sentence.

"Shhhh," he whispered. "Don't say anything..."

He pulled me even closer to him as he lowered his head and lifted my chin. Before I even had a chance to comprehend what was happening, he pressed his lips gently against mine. At first my eyes grew completely wide. This was nothing compared to what I had imagined my first kiss would be like.

Somehow it seemed far better now that it was actually happening!

Merely a second later the shock of him kissing me had subsided and my lips instantly began to move in unison with his. He gently glided his hands under my bottom and picked me up as my legs wrapped around his pelvis. He pulled me into a tighter

embrace, our lips stuck together like magnets to metal.

Damen began to walk us toward my bed as I felt his tongue slowly invade its way into my mouth. He began to draw circles on my tongue with his. He tasted sweet and tangy. Instantaneously, my whole body began to melt as the hunger to continue overpowered any sensible thoughts I might have had of stopping. I eagerly wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him in closer as I deepened the kiss. I felt him grinning against my mouth and he emitted a small chuckle as he gently laid me down on my bed. Slowly, he began to move on top of me while pressing his body harder against mine.

He rested one hand on the bed to hold himself up as his other hand went under my tank top and slowly began to massage my breasts. His cold hand touching my warm breasts brought a delighted shiver down my spine as I arched my back and moaned loudly against his mouth.

Damen then broke the kiss and brushed his lips against my chin before going down my neck and

toward my collar bone, leaving a line of tingles in its place. We both began to breath heavier as our cravings for each other grew stronger.

He brought both of his hands down to the bottom of my shirt. Panicked, I quickly forced my arms down toward his wrist and was about to stop him. But his lips then found my neck, which caused my arms to grow slack. I sucked in my breath enjoying the sensations of his lips against my skin and before I knew it, he had slid my shirt right off of me.

I watched him as he sat up and pulled his own shirt off. My hands seemed to have a mind of their own as they reached up and rubbed his bare chest. Slowly, my hands began to work their way down to his eight-pack. He came back down toward me, his mouth finding its way back to my breasts before slowly making his way down my stomach stopping at my navel and moving lower still. Every time his soft lips touched my skin a feeling of erotic pleasure would soar through my body.

I could feel him begin to pull down my pajama bottoms, but paid no attention to it. I was so lost in

the feelings and sensations of his lips against my skin. Suddenly, I could feel the cold breeze against my bare legs as I glanced down and noticed both of us were lying on my bed completely naked. For the second time since we started this alternate reality, a jolt of fear pierced through my body. I felt like a wanton woman losing control and not wanting it to stop. I only had thoughts of Damen and his warm, wet mouth and soft lips on my body and this primal aching need.

He must have noticed my sudden change of mood because he came closer to me and brushed my hair out of my face.

"Are you okay?" He whispered. His breathing was loud and uneven. His eyes shone with sexual energy as he looked deep into mine.

"I-I've never done this before," I replied with a whisper. I looked back at him and my pupils began to dilate from desire.

My heart continued to thump even more rapidly inside my chest. One question continued to circulate through my mind, *what was I doing?* It felt as if

someone had possessed my body and I no longer held any control over my limbs. The unimaginable feelings Damen was awakening inside me had completely taken control, leaving me vulnerable to each touch.

Damen continued to look at me while his breathing grew even more ragged. He pressed his lips gently against mine instantly causing my body to grow weaker. His mouth then found its way to my neck as instant tingles shot through my body.

"You have nothing to be afraid of."

Chapter - 02

Hey everyone, here is Chapter 2 of bye bye virginity. Sorry it took me so long to write this part, I've been really busy. I hope you guys like it, =) Comment and vote please!

XoXoX

-Krissy

Chapter 2

Damen then moved on top of me, placing his body between my legs. My heart was racing a million miles an hour out of excitement, fear, and pleasure. I had never had sex before. Well, truthfully I've never even

come close, probably because I was only sixteen and never had an actual boyfriend. I wanted to tell him to stop, that I wasn't ready and that this wasn't the way I wanted my first time to be.

Every time I would open my mouth trying to protest, trying to tell him no, I couldn't. The only sound that left my lips was a loud muffled moan of sheer and utter pleasure. I knew there was no stopping him, no matter how much I wanted him to stop-I couldn't manage to get myself to say anything. My body was in complete disagreement with my mind. The pleasure principle overruled the logic of my mind.

I opened my eyes, finally realizing that Damen was watching me with concern masking his face.

"Do you want me to stop?" He asked.

My mind was screaming *YES* ! but when I looked up at Damen this sudden need for acceptance pierced through me.

Damen was very well known at my high school while I was nobody. I was just some *loner-girl* who didn't have even one friend. And as I laid there on my bed with Damen Hurtz lying on top of me, actually wanting me, actually acknowledging my existence I couldn't seem to say no to him.

It should have been so easy. After all it was just one small word, three letters, and one syllable. All I had to say was *'Yes, yes I want you to stop!'* . But I couldn't do it. My sudden need for his acceptance, for his approval overpowered my own morals and integrity.

I finally closed my eyes and softly shook my head. "No," I said softly. "Don't stop."

* * * *

The next morning, I had woken up to the cool morning breeze hitting my naked body. I began to force my eyes open as I soon came to realize I was lying on my bed completely naked. The sun was

shining brightly through my bedroom window, which forced me to squint. Instantly an image of Damen flashed through my mind.

I hurriedly glanced at the other side of my bed, only to find that the spot he had fallen asleep in was now cold and empty. His clothes that were once strewn on the floor were now gone, erasing all physical evidence that he was in my bedroom last night.

For a second I thought that maybe last night had just been a figment of my overactive imagination. I stood up to my feet and pain shot through my body. A tenderness which began at my...down stairs area, confirming that I did indeed lose my virginity last night.

I reached down and picked up my pajama bottoms off the floor and quickly pulled them on. I then

reached for my black tank top that was lying on my bed and pulled it on over my head. I knew that my memory of last night couldn't have been a dream. But the mystery regarding Damen's disappearance forced me to abandon the comfort of my bed.

My first thought was that he would be downstairs in the kitchen, possibly getting some breakfast or grabbing a cup of coffee. Following the only explainable possibility there was, I left my bedroom and headed toward the stairs. Once I reached the bottom stair, I continued to walk through the foyer and into the kitchen. Relief washed over me when I noticed the refrigerator was open and that there was a tall figure standing on the other side of the door. All I could see was their brown hair.

Relief and excitement had taken full reign over my body. Though, it disappeared just as quickly as the door closed revealing my brother, Trent. In his hands

was a jug of orange juice, a plate with pancakes, a bowl of cereal and a bacon and egg sandwich. My brother was one of those lucky people with a metabolism that would allow him to constantly eat and not gain a pound. I hated him for it!

"Where's Damen?" I asked, walking over to him and grabbing the orange juice. He tried to grab it back, almost dropping all of his food in the process. Finally, he decided it was probably best to put his arm full of food down first.

"He went home," Trent said casually as he placed all his food down on the kitchen table. "Why?" He questioned me.

I could feel panic begin to set in as I took the lid off the orange juice and began to chug it right out of the jug.

It took a couple of seconds before I could find my voice. "I don't know, just didn't see him this morning," I lied. My stomach began to twist and turn causing a sharp pain to emerge deep inside my gut. I had to concentrate hard on not allowing the tears in my eyes to fall.

All I could think about was how he used me. How he came to my bedroom, had sex with me and left me alone. How he took my virginity from me like it was nothing important. He didn't even have the decency to wait until I woke up before he left. No, he didn't do any of these things, instead he crept away in the middle of the night or whenever he left, like I was some one night stand. Like I was some slut he picked up at a party!

"Yah, he seemed to be in some kind of rush this morning," Trent said, interrupting my thoughts. I looked up at him just as he started inhaling his food.

"Orange juice," he mumbled between mouthfuls while pointing to the jug.

I passed it over to him while watching in disgust as he then took a couple of swigs out of the jug. I couldn't help but think about the amount of food that was probably being spat back into the juice jug.

"Yah, he looked like he saw a ghost or something. He looked pretty freaked out this morning." Trent finally managed to say once he swallowed his food.

"Oh," I barely whispered out. I felt like someone had just ripped my heart out and was now stomping on it, jumping up and down.

But honestly, what did I expect? Damen was one of the most popular guys at my school. Every girl wants him, has had him, has been used by him or will never have him. I'm only in grade ten, a sophomore. He's a senior and not just any senior, but a very popular

one. Obviously, he realized the mistake he had made and had no choice but to run away. I was definitely not the prettiest girl in school or even the prettiest in my grade. I was nothing, a no body.

I was Trent's annoying little sister and that was all I'd ever be. It was stupid and naive of me to think anything was going to happen between me and Damen. But, even so, the fact that I had given up my virginity so easily forced me to run to my bedroom, fall on my bed and bawl my eyes out in embarrassment, disappointment and shame.

Chapter 3

Chapter - 03

Hello Everyone! Thanks for all the comments, please continue to comment, and vote! I know I should start working on Dangerously Forbidden soon, I'm just really getting into this story Haha! But Yah, I really hope you guys like this part. Thanks for all the support!

I'll be writing Part 4 soon, because I know I can't make you guys wait to long! It'll be up either tonight, or tomorrow morning!

But please. Vote!

Comment!

XoxoX

-Krissy

Chapter 3

The rest of my weekend had been extremely boring and mainly full of reading and re-reading books that I had taken out from the library. When I wasn't reading, I was generally stalking my brother around the house. I would eaves drop on his conversations over the phone and spy on him hanging out with his friends outside. On more than one occasion I had asked him where Damen was and what he was up to.

Apparently, Trent hadn't heard from him since he fled our house on Saturday morning. It was now the beginning of a new week, Monday, meaning I had to go to school today and also that I had to see Damen.

My heart was racing as I got ready for school, pulling on a pair of black skinny jeans and a big pink

sweater with snoopy on it. I reached for my Batman backpack and headed down stairs.

"Hurry up, Stasee!" My brother called from the front door, "Or I'm leaving without you and you'll have to walk!"

I ran down the stairs and followed Trent through the door and toward his bright red '72 Chevy pick-up. Sure his truck was old, a classic, but it was completely rebuilt from its engine to its body. It probably looked better today than it did in 1972.

I jumped into the passenger seat as Trent jumped into the driver's seat before starting up the engine. He drove down the road and headed toward Kevin's house. He pulled over to the side of the street and parked. I scooted over into the middle of the truck as Kevin jumped in beside me.

"Hey Dude!" He called over to Trent, "You missed a pretty sweet party this weekend. Candise went swimming topless!"

"Hey Kev," Trent laughed, "Yah, Derrek was telling me about it, heard there was quite a bit of sluts there."

"Oh dude, you don't even know!" Kevin said while slapping his knee in excitement.

I just sat there staring out the window as my brother began to drive. This was my life, always surrounded by people talking about their oh-so exciting weekends, whilst mine is always the exact opposite.

Kevin continued, "Jessica and Tiffany were all over Damen again, I mean stripping for him, making-out with each other and lap dancing!"

At the mention of Damen's name my head snapped up and I looked toward Kevin, my heart racing like crazy. Damen came to my house Friday night, took my virginity and then went out partying?! I had this feeling that he, most likely, did stuff with all those skanky girls and completely forgot about me! I could feel a knot begin to form inside my stomach.

"Did...Damen do anything with them?" I asked with a shaky voice.

Kevin turned to look at me as his eyes grew wide with shock. "Holy crap, she talks?!" The blond-haired boy teased. He reached over and rubbed the top of

my head like I was a fluffy little lap dog, "Hey Trent's little sister, barely even noticed you there!"

It was so annoying how they never paid any attention to my existence. I mean Kevin knew my name, he had known me for ten years and still he referred to me as *'Trent's Little Sister'* .

'I mean, just because you are good looking, play sports and have the girls falling all over you does not give you permission to be such a stuck up prick!' I thought angrily to myself while wishing I was actually brave enough to say that to him.

Unfortunately though, that was just how all my brother's friends were. They were the popular kids-a part of the in-crowd and I was a ghost. I had no label; not a jock or a cheerleader, not a geek or an emo, not a punk or a bad-ass. I was nothing, a label-less loner who walked around with no group to fit into.

"No actually," he finally answered my question before turning his attention back to Trent, "Which is weird. Tiffany and Jessica were pretty much begging for him to notice them and yet, he denied them. He's been acting pretty weird lately."

"You've noticed that too?" Trent asked, "He stayed at my place Friday night and then ran off in the morning without even so much as a *'see ya later'* . He walked right passed me and just took off."

"Well, whatever his problem is, he had better get his head out of his ass before the game against the Whiskers this Friday."

"No doubt." Trent agreed.

I reached for my batman backpack and hugged it tightly against my chest. Even though I knew nothing was going to happen between Damen and me and even though I knew he was a dumbass, it was rather comforting knowing that he didn't do anything with Jessica and Tiffany. Who, I might add, are the most popular girls at my school.

"Batman and Snoopy? What are you eight?" Kevin teased me while pointing toward my backpack and then at my sweater.

"Hey dude, leave my sis alone." Trent butted in.

"I was only teasing her." Kevin smirked.

"Well don't." My brother's face was completely serious, in overprotective mode as we pulled up to the school and parked in our usual spot.

"Sorry man."

"Don't say sorry to me, say it to my little sis."

Although my brother and I come from totally different worlds at school and hang with completely different crowds (and by that I mean he actually hung out with a crowd) Trent has always made it his job to watch over and protect me. That was probably one of the main reasons why all of the popular people paid no attention to me. I wasn't cool enough to hang out with them, though; they also couldn't tease or bully me because of my brother. So, instead, they choose to ignore me altogether.

"Sorry, Trent's little sister." He said.

I simply rolled my eyes and jumped out of the truck after him.

"Whatever." I muttered rudely. ' *Talk about the worst apology ever* !' I thought to myself. I waved good-bye to my brother and then headed up toward the school.

* * * *

The bell rang, indicating it was now lunch time. I slowly began to pick up my books from my desk. I was eager to get out of history class because, honestly, history was by far the most boring class there was. But, what I hated more than History was lunch time.

"Don't forget to read through pages twenty-five to thirty tonight. Also, I'd like everyone's papers on the Great Depression on my desk by tomorrow morning!" Mr. Calnon called out to everyone as they scurried out of class. I lingered back, not in any hurry to get to the library. I was almost a hundred percent sure that everyone at Kersha High, except me, looked forward to lunch time.

Lunch was the time of day I hated the most because I sat alone and read for the entire hour. Every day, lunch time reminded me of what a complete loner I was.

I walked down the hallway and headed toward the library. I still had to take back the four books I had taken out for the weekend.

I was about ten feet away from the library when a door suddenly opened up in my face. A hand reached

out from the darkened room and grabbed onto my arm. I felt my body being pulled through the doorway against my will. I didn't have a chance to even think about what was happening and once the door shut everything went black. Someone had pulled me into what I figured was the janitor's closet. The lights were off and I couldn't manage to see who the perpetrator was. Fear was beginning to work its way through my body as my heart began to pound loudly inside my chest.

"H-He-Hello...?" I stuttered, speaking into the blackness.

"Shhhhh..."

Chapter 4

Chapter - 04

Hello!!

okay, so it may not be morning, but its 11, which isn't too late! haha I was drained lastnight so I had to wait till this morning to write Part 4 Haha. I want to thank EVERYONE who's been supporting me with my story's! Honestly, I love writing, but its so much more fun when I'm actually writing for people! I love you guys!

Well heres Part 4, I hope you like it, and if you have any good idea's inwhich way you want me story to go, don't hesitate in telling me!

P.S! If you like my story PLEASE comment and Vote!

XoxoX

-Krissy

Chapter 4

My heart rate began to accelerate faster with each silent second until suddenly, with a blinding feeling, a light flickered on. I looked around the room curious as to where I was. There was a bucket and mop in the corner, shelves full of cleaning supplies and a huge variety of different sized brooms. All these objects combined only proved my suspicions correct. I had, in fact, been pulled into the janitor's closet.

' *Well, now that I've figured out the 'where,' it's time for the 'who' and the 'why?''* I thought to myself as I began to look around.

I turned my attention to the shadowy form in the corner of the closet. I reached behind me picking up the first object my hands closed around just in case

this mystery person's plans were unfriendly. The first thing my hands fell upon was a bottle of Windex which I decided to abandon because, honestly, what was I going to do with Windex, clean him to death?

The next thing my fingers wrapped around was a duster in which I actually decided to keep because it had a good-sized wooden handle.

"Who are you?" I demanded trying to keep my voice even while attempting to sound intimidating, however, failing horribly.

I watched as the shadowy figure started walking toward me. I tightened my grip on the duster, preparing to swing mightily, but then the light shined down on him, revealing who he was.

I felt my hands open up as the duster fell to the ground; I stared at Damen in disbelief. I heard the duster hit the floor and yet it sounded miles away, far off in the distance. All my fear then disappeared and was replaced by a state of shock. I stood there unable to move, completely bewildered as to why he was here or, more importantly, why he had pulled me into the closet?

"Look...Stasee, I need to apologise." He spoke softly as he took another step toward me with his hand held out.

The thought of him leaving me alone Saturday morning finally snapped me out of my startled daze. Not to mention the fact that he had never even attempted to call me all weekend and how he left me hanging with no explanation.

I raised my right hand and slapped him as hard as I could across the face:
One...
Two...
Three times in quick succession while tears of rage and humiliation blinded me.

I watched in satisfaction as his eyes bulged out of their sockets before he used his left hand to rub the red welts on his cheek.

"I guess I deserved that..." he replied.

Using my left hand this time, I raised it and with every ounce of strength I could summon, I smacked him hard on the other cheek. I watched as his head turned to the side from the force of my slap.

I know I may have gone to *crazy-town* , I mean it's not like we were dating or had any commitment towards each other, much less a relationship. Either way, any guy who is rude enough to take a girl's virginity and then skulk off into the night while she's sleeping, deserves what he gets, if not more.

I looked up at him, both his cheeks had welts and the muscles in his jaw pulsated. It almost looked as if he had been stuck outside in the middle of winter for an entire day.

"Why did you leave me like that?" I asked angrily, "How could you do that to me?!" My voice grew louder and angrier by the minute.

He lowered his head in shame, staring at the ground before he began to speak; "I'm sorry Stasee..." He

began, "It's just, I've...Well, I've never slept with anyone before."

"That is such a lie! You've slept with lots of girls!" I was so furious that he had the nerve to stand there and lie straight to my face.

"No, Stasee I haven't." He repeated, "Sure I've had sex with a few girls but I've never actually slept in a bed with them. When I woke up in the morning with my arms around you...I freaked, I got scared and ran away. I didn't know what else to do."

"Oh yah? And you didn't even have the decency to call me?"

"I figured you didn't want to talk to me," He finally

lifted his head and looked into my eyes, "I couldn't get you out of my head all weekend...I just had to see you again."

He reached up with his hand as he placed his fingers under my chin in an attempt to lift my head up. The second his fingers touched my skin, tingles shot through my body as my breathing began to quicken. I stared back hard, trying to read his eyes and see through his lies, yet all of his body language screamed sincerity and remorse.

He took another step closer to me and I could feel his breath against my face. His hand left my chin as both of his arms wrapped around my waist. My stomach began to flip around as I felt my body heating up.

I watched his face inch closer to mine until I felt his lips lightly brush against my own, tentatively, as if

asking permission. It was as if some sex-crazed-nymphomaniac had then taken over my body. I wrapped my arms hastily around his neck and forced his body hard against mine as our kiss began to deepen. I felt his arms tighten around my waist until both our bodies were intertwined leaving no space in between.

His hands began to roam up every inch of my body which left no place untouched. In that same moment I buried my fingers in his hair and tugged on the back of his head. My body was vibrating in the satisfaction of his touch; never had I imagined something that could feel so indefinably pleasing.

Finally, I pulled my arms back as I rested them on his chest and, with all my strength; I pushed him away forcefully, nearly causing him to tumble over. He caught his balance just in time to look up at me as I reached down to the bottom of my sweater and

pulled it up over my head. His eyes narrowed before lightening up in excitement. He then pulled off his shirt and revealed his perfect rippling eight-pack.

He quickly came back to me as he began ripping off my shirt and then my bra; leaving both of our torsos completely naked. He began to feel up my body again, only this time, with his lips. An unbearable sensation exploded through my body as my patience seemed to be holding on by barely a thread. I couldn't handle the foreplay for even one more second as the ineffable memory of last time continued to flash across my mind.

I was just in the process of unbuttoning his jeans when he froze.

"What-are-you-" I tried to speak between gasps but

his hand covered my mouth quickly forcing me into silence.

That's when I heard the keys jingling on the other side of the door. I pushed Damen out of the way as I reached to the floor in attempt to grab my clothes. Damen did the same as we both continued banging into each other and the shelves; knocking over brooms and mops and spilling bottles of cleaning supplies. All in an attempt to quickly put our clothes back on.

"Who's in there?!" I heard an old, scratchy voice yell through the door. The sound of a deadbolt clicking open reached my ears the same second I pulled my sweater on and fell to my bottom with a crash.

The door swung open exposing Mr. Gergosh, the school janitor. He was tall and bony and probably in

his sixties. He had a shag of white hair with a long matching beard and kind of resembled a really skinny Santa Claus.

He looked at Damen who was standing by the shelves fully dressed with a little smirk on his face. Then, he turned his glance down to me (who was sitting in a pool of spilled cleaners, hair in a tangled mess on my head and my sweater inside out!).

"Oh you kids!" Mr Gergosh said, shooing us out of the closet. "You crazy kids, with all your hormones going nutty inside you. You're always running around finding little hiding spots to smooch together." His voice was scratchy as if he'd been smoking all his life.

I got up off the floor, instantly realizing my butt was soaked from the cleaners that had been knocked over. We managed to walk out of the closet with some dignity, both of us holding in our laughter.

"This is my closet, if you want to go...go...smooching each other, then go find some other place." He continued to talk, "Out, Out!"

The second me and Damen were out of the closet we began to run down the deserted hallways. Everyone was either still in the cafeteria or outside basking in the sun. I could hear Mr. Gergosh mumbling something about kids these days and sex before marriage.

Once Damen and I were out of Mr. Gergosh's sight we leaned against the wall and began erupting in laughter. I slid down the locker behind me and fell to the floor as he did the same.

"D-did You-" Damen tried speaking between his laughter. "Did you s-see Mr. Gergosh's fa-face!"

My laughter rose higher as the image of Mr. Gergosh's expression ran through my mind. He looked completely shocked and even a bit disgusted.

"Yah-" I tried talking this time. I was laughing so hard that I had to put my hand on Damen's shoulder to try and keep myself balanced. "Look a-at my bu-butt!" I laughed, "I fe-fell in the pu-puddle!" Damen's laugh then roared louder, "and m-my swe-sweater is on inside ou-out!"

"Ewww!" A girl's voice interrupted our laughter.

I looked up and saw Candise glaring down at us with Tiffany on her left side and on her right was Jessica. The trio of Malibu Barbies stared at me in disgust.

Their faces scrunched up, marring their features and their perfectly applied makeup.

Candise continued speaking, "Damen, what are you *doing* ?"

Damen jumped up to his feet as his face flushed red. It was almost as if he was embarrassed to be seen with me.

I felt my heart sink.

"Nothing!" he said while not even glancing my way, "Wow, its class time already. I should probably go!" Without so much as a peek over at me, he ran down the hall and left me sitting there all by myself.

The moment Damen had disappeared around a

corner, Candise crouched down closer to me and began to speak again with so much venom in her voice; "Look *girl* , I don't care if you're Trent's little sister or not, Damen is *mine* so you'd better stay away from him!"

"He's not yours!" Both Tiffany and Jessica said in unison.

"Excuse me!" Candise said turning her attention to them, "Did you not see the way he completely ignored you two at the party? Give it up already!"

With that, she tossed her mane in the air and began to walk down the hallway. Tiffany and Jessica stood there for a second, staring blankly at the wall, before turning around and running after her.

That left me sitting on the floor soaking wet, feeling completely embarrassed and ashamed by my stupidity and, once again, alone.

Chapter 5

Chapter - 05

Hello Everyone <3

First of all, just to let everyone know, the youtube video I uploaded on here, is my bestfriend singing her original song. It kind of fits this part of the story well, so i had to use it! Check it out!!

I finally got Part 5 done, haha it took me a while though, lifes starting to get busy apparently. Like always I want to thank everyone who is voting and commenting, mainly the people who are commenting.

stares at all the voters who didn't comment

Haha But yah Thank you, and PLEASE if you like the story keep commenting! =) And to my 'Dangerously Forbidden' lovers, chapter 7 well be up by tomorrow! I know.. I'm slacking. Teehee.

But yah thank you guys, and I hope you like this part as well! <3

XoxoX

-Krissy

P.S *A Random Thought* Have you guys ever noticed how the word 'Guy' Referres to a male, you no a boy or a man what ever. You never say 'Hey Guy' to a girl...And yet if you add an 's' to guy, it become 'guys' which can referre to both males and females. Weird eh?

Anyways... Back to the story!

Chapter 5

The sun was setting as I stared out my bedroom window. The sky was a breathtakingly beautiful shade of pink as the sun faded out of sight on the horizon. I let a loud sigh escape my lips as I thought

about my day at school. I still couldn't decipher the mixed signals Damen had been sending me. Maybe there was a man code to crack to understand this type of behaviour?

After the little incident in the janitor's closet and the verbal warning from the bitch squad, I hadn't seen Damen for the rest of the day. He tried to tell me he liked me and denied Tiffany and Jessica's seductive advances; indicating I was more than just a conquest. But then, just when I thought maybe something could happen between us, he turned around and proved me wrong once again.

I walked over to my bed and flopped down with frustration. Ever since Friday night, I couldn't seem to get this stupid boy out of my head. I mean, sure, he took my virginity away, but that still did not reserve him a spot in my heart! Any guy who could treat a girl with such disrespect deserves nothing more than to be punched right in the face.

'TICK'

The sound of something hard hitting glass interrupted my thoughts as I rolled my head to the

side and looked at nothing but the night sky through my window. Must of just been my imagination, I thought to myself as I went back to staring up at the ceiling; willing the answers to be written there or praying for a divine intervention.

'TICK'

The sound came again, causing me to spring up into a sitting position. I stared out my window as if expecting to see something. But, frankly, I was on the second floor so what was I intending to see? A blind woodpecker, who couldn't tell the difference between glass and wood, perched on my window sill chipping away at the glass? Yah, I highly doubt it!

At that precise moment, the sound came again for a third time.

'TICK'

Only this time, I had managed to see what was causing it as I watched a little pebble hit my window before gravity had taken over and forced it back down to the ground. I sat on my bed completely dumbfounded, staring outside with narrowed eyes. It

took a forth pebble to tap against the glass; jarring me from my confused trance.

I jumped to my feet and ran toward the window, not exactly sure what I was looking for. At first, for no particular reason, I looked up to the dark night sky which was covered in bright stars. Eventually, my eyes found their way to the ground, deciding pebbles' falling from the sky was maybe a little too farfetched.

It took a couple of seconds for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, while slowly I began to see the outlines of everything in the yard. I could see every tree, bush, vehicle, person, flower-

Wait! Back it up a second! I thought to myself, A person?! What is a person doing in my backyard?

I looked down again, Oh. My. God! They're staring up at me!

I forced myself to calm down while trying to convince myself it was probably one of my brother's friends. They, most likely, didn't know that Trent and I had switched rooms a few weeks ago. I

concentrated harder on the outline of the tall, wide being before realizing right away who it was.

Damen? I stared down at him with a wide-eyed gaze.

My heart skipped a beat as I gazed down at him lustfully. Although I wanted so badly to hate him and wished so deeply that he didn't have this power over me, it was impossible. No matter what I wanted, or what I wished, every time I saw him he always managed to leave me breathless and wanting him.

I shook that feeling off as I considered my options. My first thought was to shut my bedroom light off and go hide in my bed, under the covers until he gave up and left. I would have done it too if it weren't for the fact that he had already seen me and was waving fiercely like a caffeine-crazed crack head. Plus, I had a few not-so-nice words I wanted to confront him with.

I opened my bedroom window and stuck my head out as I began to whisper loudly down to him.

"What do you want?!"

"Come down here!" He whispered back.

"Why?!"

"Because I need to talk to you!"

"Well what if I don't want to talk to you?"

"Please just let me explain!" He was looking up at me with pleading eyes.

If it had been any other guy, or if the past couple days hadn't happened, I probably wouldn't have even went to my window in the first place. And I definitely would never even think about doing what I was just about to do. Except it wasn't just any other guy, it was Damen. And the past couple days had happened. Plus, as much as I hated to admit, I couldn't say no because Damen already had me wrapped around his finger; ready to pursue any wish he commanded.

I rolled my eyes before sticking my hand out and pointing my index finger at him in such a way of saying, 'one second'. I looked up at the large tree which towered over our house. I wondered how my brother managed to scale it in order to sneak out on countless occasions. This tree was actually the reason

as to why Trent and I were forced to switch rooms in the first place.

My brother repeatedly snuck out of the house using the tree and ran off to parties and other forbidden places, according to my parents. They had decided that the room with the latter-like-tree would be better suited for me, seeing as I was a loner anyways.

Where was I going to run off to, the library? Or out for a midnight slurpee?

I saw a branch that was only inches away from the left side of my window and decided that would probably be the easiest escape route. I climbed out my window and crawled onto the branch, finding my way to the bottom of the tree with ease. I was about three feet from the ground when I felt Damen's arms grasp my waist. My stomach fluttered the same way it always did when he touched me and my heart sped up. He lifted me up in the air and then placed me gently on my feet. I still stumbled a little bit, but that was because my knees had gone weak and rubbery from being near him.

The second I caught my balance I turned around to face him, anger from this afternoon still lingering inside me. Suddenly, without any second thoughts, I pushed him hard in the chest with every ounce of strength that I had. He must have been expecting it because, even with all the strength I had in me, he had barely even flinched.

I tried again and again, and then one more time. Each time I got the same result, which was nothing! A half smirk had taken over Damen's face as he watched me in amusement. I huffed loudly as I finally gave up. I folded my arms against my chest and glared at him.

The smirk finally faded from his face as he took a step closer to me.

"Look Stasee-"

I cut him off before he could go any farther, "Stop Damen! Just stop."

"But-" he tried again.

"But nothing!" To my surprise my voice was stern, "You did it to me again! You just left me sitting there; you left me with those bitches!"

"I know...and I'm-"

"Sorry?" I asked. "You're always sorry, well guess what Damen! Sorry's mean nothing if you don't actually mean them!"

I watched his eyes lower from looking at me to staring at the ground. He occupied his hands by playing with the hem of his shirt. I had so many other things I wanted to say to him. I wanted to keep yelling at him and telling him exactly how all of that made me feel. I wanted to so badly, but as I stood there watching him a knot had formed in my stomach and all I wanted to do was comfort him.

Wait! I shook my head, confused by my own thoughts. Comfort him?

He was the one who was supposed to be comforting me and yet there I was, near seconds away from apologizing to him. Seriously, how did he manage to

turn all this around on me and make me feel like the bad guy?

I walked up to him and placed my hand on his shoulder as I watched his head slightly lift up. We both just stood there; staring into each other's eyes. We stayed like that for a while until Damen finally broke the silence.

"Look Stasee, I know I messed up..." he said before adding, "Again. But I want to make it up to you and that's why I came here."

"Oh yah?" I removed my hand from his shoulder, once again folding my arms. "And how do you plan on doing that?"

"It's a surprise..."

Chapter 6

Chapter - 06

Hey!!

Okay you guys are SOO Lucky I almost didn't have time to right Part 6 today. A couple friends from out of down came down to visit with me, so I might not be able to Write Part 7 as fast as i ussually do. But it well be done within the next couple days I promise! =) Thanks for all that comments Everyone, Honestly You do NOT understand how much they mean to me

Thanks again, and please, Vote..Comment..

And like always.. COMMENT hehe.. I love the comments! Hehe

I Hope you guys like this one...I dont know if its as good as the rest.. but yah.

XoxoX

-Krissy

Chapter 6

"Don't peek!" He said for the hundredth time.

"I'm not..." I whined. Even if I attempted to open my eyes I couldn't see anything, there was a blindfold covering them. "How much longer?" I asked. I was starting to get a little impatient.

"Not much farther, just keep walking."

"It's kind of hard to stop when you're pretty much dragging me behind you!"

About an hour earlier...

When I finally gave in to Damen, we got into his 2009 GMC truck and he put a blind fold over my eyes before we drove away from my house. Well not exactly my house, seeing as he parked a block away in an attempt to keep my parents oblivious to him coming over and kidnapping me in the middle of the

night. My parents were never around and yet the one night they did come home, Damen had decided to show up at my house. Although, I highly doubt they would even notice my disappearance because, even though they were home at the moment, they were still completely caught up in work.

We drove for about half an hour before we finally came to a stop. I listened to him as he got out of the truck and came over to my side; helping me down to the ground. Now, for the past twenty minutes we have been walking along a trail and up a hill. Well, I figured so anyways because that's what it felt like; I could tell we were walking up a hill and I could also feel the dirt under my shoes.

Damen's fingers were wrapped around mine while his other arm was wrapped around my waist; helping me to dodge all of the obstacles in our path. I was still so frustrated with him because he didn't only leave me once...but twice and yet it was impossible to stay mad at him for a long period. By rights, I should have been callous with him and his random mood swings.

"Okay, now stop here." He interrupted my thoughts. "And whatever you do, don't move!" His voice was so urgent and so serious that I knew it wasn't a good idea to even think about moving.

I heard the sound of something solid hitting the ground on a lower level than where I was standing.

"Damen!?" I held my breath.

"I'm fine," he chuckled; although his voice came from somewhere below me. "I had to jump and I didn't think my feet hitting the ground were going to be so loud." I felt his arms wrap around my waist as he lifted me into the air. I still couldn't see anything but the blackness of the blind fold and it sucked! I mean, did he honestly find it necessary to blindfold me? I hated not being able to see.

I felt my feet begin to touch the ground as Damen turned my body around so that he was standing behind me. His arms were still tightly wrapped around my hips and my waist. I felt his breath on my neck which sent a shiver up my spine. He began to whisper lightly into my ear as the shivers escalated throughout my entire body.

"Okay Stasee..." he began, "Before I show you this, you have to promise not to tell anyone about it."

I tried to speak, but when I opened my mouth no words came out so instead I just nodded. He was still breathing against my neck, making it impossible to pay attention to anything else other than the way it was making my body feel. I could feel his breath inching closer to my neck before his lips pressed gently against my skin. Fireworks instantly erupted inside my head.

A soft moan escaped my lips as he continued to kiss my neck. I felt him remove his arms from around my stomach as they made their way up to the back of my head. He pursued with his mouth, grazing his lips against my neck while his fingers untied the blindfold.

I can't tell you the precise moment the blindfold fell off my face because, even after it was gone, my eyes stayed closed. I was so caught up with the way Damen's lips filled my body with pleasure that I no longer cared about the surprise. I turned around to face him as my arms wrapped around his neck. His

arms then snaked around my waist and his hands rested on my behind.

He glanced over my head at what, I'm assuming, was the surprise he brought me here for.

"Aren't you going to look?" He whispered to me, staring down into my eyes.

"No...I don't care...I just want to-" I stopped talking as I stared up at his full set of perfect lush lips. He pulled me hard against his body as if knowing exactly what I was about to say. I tightened my arms around his neck and our lips connected fiercely. We stayed embraced like this for awhile, although it still felt too short before he pulled away. I groaned in protest, trying to pull him back to me, but he seemed pretty content on that being the end of the kiss.

"Stasee, just turn around and look." He begged.

I sighed loudly, not wanting the kissing to end and definitely not caring what it was he wanted me to see so badly. I rolled my eyes at him before finally turning around. I froze the second I looked around at the incredible, stunning sight before me.

We were standing high, high up on the cliff of a huge hill, staring down at the Town of McLennan. We were so high up; McLennan looked like nothing more than a city for Polly Pockets. The moon was shining brightly, reflecting off the ocean that surrounded the small town. The most astonishing thing about it all was the stars. Being so far away from town, so far from civilization, the stars shone so brightly that we didn't even need any sort of light source to see each other. It was magical.

I felt Damen's shoulder rub against mine as he came to stand beside me. I stood still, staring out at the beautiful sight before us.

"What do you think?" He asked.

"How...How did you find this place?"

"I went for a hike one day and stumbled across it, I come here a lot...You know, to think and what not. It's kind of like my secret place, that I wanted to...Um...share with you." He spoke lightly.

I didn't reply to him, there was no need to. I knew he could tell exactly what I was thinking just by the look

on my face. I was stunned speechless as I peered out into the beautiful night sky, knowing nothing in the world would ever compare to this moment; this exact moment in time.

I looked down and saw a big fluffy blanket that was laid on the ground and beside it was a small stereo.

"What are you planning to happen here?" I looked upward from the little set up and eyed him curiously.

"You know, just a little romantic getaway..." He smiled as he walked over to the Stereo and turned it on. A song that I instantly recognized began playing out of the speakers. 'The Fear You Won't Fall' by Josh Radin.

The soft lyrics echoed through my ears as I stared at him in shock, 'this was one of my favourite songs, how did he know?'

He walked over to me, offering me his hand. "Would you like to dance, my lady?" He faked an English accent trying to sound like a man from the 1800's.

"I...I don't know how to..." I admitted.

"I'll teach you." He said as he wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me against the hardness of his body. I then wrapped my arms around his neck as he pulled me in even closer. I rested my head against his chest and we began to sway back and forth, slowly, to the beat of the song.

"So, am I forgiven yet?" Damen whispered in my ear as we continued to dance.

"You're getting there." I lied, knowing in my heart I had forgiven him the moment he came to my window tonight.

Damen bent down and pressed his lips against mine as the song came to an end. We ended up moving over to the blanket and lying down. The rest of the night we sat there staring up at the sky and talking. Just talking! We talked about everything; from our families to books to past memories. Weirdly enough, we had a lot in common; from music preferences to different novels we've read.

"What?! Damen Hurtz reads comics?!" I almost yelled as I erupted into laughter.

"What's the big deal? You just admitted to reading them too!" He looked insulted.

"Yah, but that's me. I mean, it's expected from me." I laughed louder.

"Whatever, you're just mad because Superman could take Batman any day." He folded his arms across his chest as he looked over at me.

"You wish! Honestly, how many times has Batman kicked Superman's ass?!"

"Yah...Only when Batman uses Kryptonite and that's pretty much cheating!"

"Well what is Batman suppose to use? He is only human after all." I stated as I looked up into the sky finally realizing that the sun was beginning to rise. I jumped up into a sitting position.

Damen quickly turned to look over at me with worried eyes. "What's wrong?!" He asked.

"I need to get home...Like now! My parents are going to kill me if they notice I'm not home!" I quickly got up off the ground.

Damen muttered, 'crap,' under his breath as he gathered everything up off the ground before we scurried off the cliff and down the hill.

We managed to make it to my house within twenty minutes this time. I turned toward Damen and quickly gave him a peck on the cheek. I was just about to run off when he grabbed my arm and pulled me back toward him. Our lips connected and at first I didn't kiss him back, but soon his kisses became more urgent. Our lips began to move in unison as I grabbed his shirt and pulled him closer to me, deepening the kiss. A couple of seconds later I pushed him away and my breath came in short, shallow gasps as I ran off toward my house. I quickly climbed back up the tree and stumbled into my bedroom. Relief washed over me when I noticed my door was still shut, indicating my parents hadn't come looking for me yet.

I flopped down on my bed, breathing deeply as I thought about my completely perfect night with Damen.

Chapter 7

Chapter - 07

Hey everyone!!

I'm sooo sorry it took me SOO long to do Part 7, I've been REALLY busy these couple of days, honestly I've barley been able to even go on the computer. I just stared two new jobs, and I had a couple friends couple down to visit, plus this weekend was like one of the biggest weekend in my town. So I was out and about almost all weekend. But the weekends over, and im back. With Part 7. Hehe.

I hope you guys all like it!

And thanks for all the support, with everyone whos reading my story. I honestly CAN'T believe I've made

it to page one of the "what's Hot". I didn't think I ever would, but that is all because of you guys!

So please keep commenting, because I love the comments. Hehe

And Vote, if you think its good of course!

Enjoy!

XoxoX

-Krissy

Chapter 7

The lunch bell rang, awakening me from my dreamless sleep. I was never one for sleeping in class, even as much as I disliked history I would never take advantage of a chance to learn something new. Though, as hard and uncomfortable as my seat and desk were, I couldn't manage to keep my eyes open or my head off the desk as I slept all the way through History class. I guess I have nobody to blame, but myself, it wasn't exactly smart of me to stay up all night with Damen on the cliff and then go to school without the tiniest bit of sleep. I probably

could have faked sick and slept half the day away, but I was far too excited to go back to school and see Damen.

The only problem was that it was nearly lunch time and I still hadn't seen him once. Although that is understandable, seeing as he is a senior and none of our classes are remotely the same. I pulled myself out of my desk before stretching my arms up high in the air and yawning. I grabbed my books off my desk as I headed for the door; trying to make a quick exit. Obviously, I wasn't fast enough as Mr. Calnon came to stand in front of me and blocked my path.

"Miss Rainie," he folded his arms across his chest, looking at me with impatience. "Did my class bore you?"

"Oh, no Mr. Calnon. Not at all." I lied, "I just, well, I'm just a little bit tired today and I apologize for that. I promise it won't happen again."

"Very well," he replied. "Don't let it happen again because I will not tolerate that kind of behaviour in my class. You are excused." He waved his hand dismissively.

I ran out the door before he could change his mind and send me to detention. I went to my locker to drop off my books. I decided I was going to do a little tour around the school in search of Damen. It took awhile, but I finally found him standing outside the front entrance of the school. He was standing under a tree talking to Kevin and Candise. Tiffany and Jessica were lying on the grass, soaking up the sun.

The butterflies in my stomach fluttered as my eyes fell on him; his perfect lean body was standing up with such straight posture. His dark brown hair was a perfect mess on top of his head and his dark brown eyes looked almost black from so far away. He also wore that sexy half smirk on his face. The kind that made a person look stuck up and yet it could melt any girl's heart; this girl's heart.

All morning I couldn't stop thinking about how extraordinarily flawless my night had been. Every little detail about the night was beyond perfect. It was like a little fairy tale coming true in my own life. The handsome prince and the poor lonely girl, finally breaking out of her shell, as their love for each other

continuously grew stronger. I couldn't wait to picture my happily ever after!

I looked back up at Damen as my smile grew wider. I had never felt so happy in my life, actually feeling like I belonged somewhere and that someone cared about me. I began to wave at Damen as I continued to walk toward him while wondering how he hadn't noticed me yet.

I narrowed my eyes as I watched Damen's pearl-white smile vanish from his face as his eyes fell upon me. Right away he turned his gaze away, looking back at his friends and trying to pretend like he hadn't seen me.

I was only a few feet away from them when I froze on the spot, staring at Damen in utter disbelief.

'After everything that happened last night, after me forgiving him for the second time, he was doing this again?' I tried to comprehend the illogicality of the situation, 'He was honestly going to act as if nothing happened?'

I felt a sharp pain in the bottom of my gut as my whole body began to heat up, I could honestly feel sweat begin to rise out of my pores. I stood there, staring at them while holding my breath. Well, not exactly holding my breath, it was more like I couldn't breathe altogether.

"Hey Dude...Why is Trent's little sister smiling and waving at you?" I heard Kevin ask Damen. I was still frozen motionless; watching and listening to them.

"Dude, she has some mad crush on me or something...It's kind of cute..." Damen lied, trying to laugh it off.

"More like creepy!" Candise cut in and turned toward me, shooting darts at me with her eyes. "I mean look at her, staring at us like that...Creepy!" She said as she wrapped her arms around Damen's neck and pulled him closer to her. "Too bad for her though...you're mine!" She exclaimed as she pressed her lips against Damen's.

That's when I finally turned my head away. I couldn't bear to see any more of this lewd display! It was weird how one second you could be the happiest

person in the world and then in that exact second you could feel the complete opposite. I felt like a crashing ball had came flying down at me, smashing me into tiny bits and pieces. I always thought physical pain was bad; like it hurt, it really did...But physical pain was nothing compared to this. I couldn't breathe, my chest was burning and my stomach was clenching and causing me so much pain.

I began to repeat the same five words in my head,

'I'm Not going to cry...'

'I'm Not going to cry...'

'I'm Not Going.....'

But, I failed as I watched all my surroundings begin to grow blurry while my eyes filled up with water. I heard Candise, Tiffany and Jessica's laughter behind me as I began to run away. Waterfalls of hot angry tears rolled down my cheeks, making it impossible to see anything. I felt like I was going to pass out from the lack of oxygen. I couldn't breathe, but I continued to run anyway. I was just about to reach the steps

that headed up to the school as I clenched my jaw shut, trying to force my cries down. I knew I couldn't stop the tears from flowing but I wasn't going to let the loud sobs escape my lips; not yet at least. Not until I was hidden somewhere away from everyone else.

I felt my left foot hit the back of my right heel as I tumble to the ground; my knee's sliding across the hard concrete walkway. I could feel the concrete ripping through my jeans before pealing the skin off of my knees. At that moment, I shouted a loud cry of pain from the fall, the embarrassment, the betrayal and, ultimately, the heartache.

I felt someone's arms wrap around my waist before pulling me up to my feet.

"Are you okay, Stasee?" A deep, sexy voice came from the person behind me. A voice I had never heard before and yet it made me forget all of my problems for that millisecond. I turned around to face him and, even though he was just a blurred image, I knew I didn't recognize him. My would-be saviour had short brown curly hair with sensitive dark brown eyes. He

had a square set jaw and his face was completely clean cut. He wasn't anywhere near as muscular as Damen; I could tell he wasn't really into sports and just one of those naturally skinny guys with a little muscle tone.

Tears were still flowing out of my eyes, which only made me that much more embarrassed. I could feel blood oozing out of my knees as I turned quickly away from the boy. I finished running up the stairs and into the school. I sprinted through the hallways, pushing anyone out of my way as I did so. I heard a few rude comments about how weird I was and how me and Trent were so different, which only caused me to cry harder.

Finally, I made it to the girl's bathroom! I swung the door open and ran into a stall, slamming the door shut and locking it. There were a few girls in the bathroom doing their make-up in front of the mirrors.

"Oh...my...God..." I could hear a girl whisper to her friends, "Did you see her pants, all full of blood? Poor girl, maturing a little late, ain't she?"

"Eww!" One of her friends yelled as they all erupted into laughter.

'Oh Great!' I thought to myself, 'Things couldn't get any worse.'

I stared at the stall door as the overwhelming feeling of depression began to set in. Not only did I have to deal with rumours going around school about me being 'Damen's crazy stalker.' But, now everyone would be going around; saying that I got my period and that it leaked through!

'Honestly the blood is on my knees and legs, how would that be possible!' I just wanted to yell out, but I didn't.

Just last week I was a 'nobody' and no one ever noticed me. No one talked behind my back and everything was fine! Now, I was pretty much in love with Damen and yet I meant nothing to him. Soon, there would be horrible rumours going around the entire school about me and I couldn't prevent it.

'I just wish everything would go back to normal!' I thought to myself as I put the toilet seat down and sat on top of it.

I pulled my knees up to my chest and wrapped my arms around them. I rested my head on top of my bloody knees as my tears continued to flow down my face. Finally, I allowed my bitter sobs to escape my throat as I tried gulping down air between each cry. My tears leaked down my cheeks and I could taste the saltiness of them as they slipped into my mouth.

Chapter 8

Chapter - 08

Hello

Okay so WOW I got over 60 comments! YOU GUYS ROCK! I'm soo fricken excited you dont even know! Hehe But yah like always I'd like to thank everyone! but this time I'm going to do a couple shout-outs.

Firs to my Sister. Kaye, you joined Wattpad to read my Stories! And if it weren't for my Sister and my Mom always harassing me about getting my next part done It would probably time me longer... Honestly... They dont leave me alone! Haha.

Next to: Happy4living Whos comments were long, inspiring, and made me laugh. You Rock!

and to: NaySheree14 - all I gotta say is... LMFAO

and too everyone else whos reading my stories and commenting and voting...It to hard to give shouts out to everyone...but your comments ever stick out like theirs did, I'll do some personal shout-outs as well.

But yah I hope you like this part...Because I DOO

Thanks, and please Keep voting and commenting!

XoxoX

-Krissy

Chapter 8

The bell rang once again, indicating lunch was now over as I wiped the wetness off my face using my long sleeved t-shirt. I reached down to the toilet paper dispenser pulling a piece of paper off before pressing it against my nose and blowing. I got up from the toilet seat in attempt to pull myself together and yet I felt so betrayed, so used. The exhaustion I felt from my lack of sleep mixed in with the heart shattering events that had just occurred now left my body in shock.

I felt weak as I stood there reaching for the lock with a shaky hand. It took a couple tries before I could manage to get out of the stall and into the empty bathroom. Everyone was now in class - everyone except me and I intended to keep it that way. There was no way I was going to go back to class, at least not for the rest of the day. A decision I was quite content with and yet it was something that I would have never considered doing just a mere week ago.

I managed to make my way through the school completely unseen, the hallways were deserted and eerily quiet, the only sound coming from the classes beyond the doors. Within a couple seconds I was outside the front doors, down the stairs, across the parking lot and walking down the sidewalk. I turned a corner as the school disappeared out of sight, leaving all my problems behind with it.

I pulled my cell phone out of my pocket before scrolling through all three of my contacts and then clicking on my brother's name and pressing 'send a message'.

'Don't need a ride after school, I'm walking.'

After I was done writing the message, I pressed 'send' and continued walking down the street in silence. Well, of course in silence, who else was I supposed to talk to? Myself? Yeah then they'd really have something to talk about! I have no friends, I've never had friends...and the first time anyone remotely my age even paid any attention to me it turned out to be some huge lie.

Okay, stop thinking about Damen!

I could tell myself that a million times but no matter how many times I think it, say it, or wish for it, it's not going to happen. He was on my mind, is on my mind and always will be on my mind.

"Skipping school? That's kind of unlike you." The deep voice rang through my ears as the image of the guy who helped me up earlier flashed in my mind.

I turned around to see a black SUV idling a couple feet away from me, a curly haired boy had his head stuck out the window looking at me. A cute smile was plastered to his face as he eyed me up and down.

"Jump in." He said, waving his hand towards passenger's seat. "I'll give you a ride."

"I don't know where I'm going..." I replied, because it was true, I didn't know where I was heading also I didn't know him and I couldn't just jump into anyone's vehicle. I paid attention to those after school specials 'Stranger Danger!'

"Neither do I."

"Yah but it's not just that." I folded my arms as I watched the SUV move slowly towards me, stopping once I was standing right beside his driver's side door. "I don't know you and I'm not just going to jump in your car just because you helped me up from my fall this afternoon."

"OH, you mean you actually noticed me helping you up." He spoke sarcastically with his dangerously sexy voice.

"What's that supposed to mean!" I was offended by his tone of voice, even if every time he spoke I got goose bumps.

"I mean, I've gone to school with you since grade one, Stasee Rainie. Today was the first time you have ever acknowledged my existence!" This time he sounded offended, maybe even a little upset?

I stared at him in disbelief as he began to speak again. "...and you still don't even recognize me." He shook his head and then continued. "Just jump in Stasee...I promise I don't bite. Plus I'm pretty sure you need a good distraction right about now."

I was hesitant at first, yet his voice was so inviting and he was right, I did need a distraction - something to get my mind off Damen and everything else that happened at school today. I shrugged my shoulders before walking around the SUV and jumping into the passenger's seat.

I looked over at the boy as a smile of accomplishment appeared on his face.

"I'm trusting you." I said while tossing my schoolbag in the backseat. "So don't try murdering me because I promise I'll come back to haunt you." I teased.

"You...haunt me?" He chuckled, "Stasee, you wouldn't even hurt a fly."

"And how would you know?" I folded my arms across my chest and scrunched my face up trying to look insulted though I probably looked more constipated.

The boy shifted the SUV into drive as we sped off down the road. The further we got away from the school, the better I began to feel but still I didn't ever want to go back.

"I already told you, I've known you since grade one." His voice broke through my thoughts.

"Yah, But I've never even talked to you, nor do I even remember ever seeing you around."

"No, you haven't ever talked to me but that doesn't mean I've never tried to talk to you..."

I was staring at him completely dazed as he just looked out the window, not even glancing at me as he spoke. Seriously, there is no way I've gone to school with this boy for so long and never noticed him. He was breathtaking with his cute smile, charming personality, captivating looks and arousing voice.

"When...When have you tried to talk to me?" was all I could choke out.

"When?!" He laughed, "All the time, for years I've tried to talk to you, but it was like you never noticed me, like you tried to block everyone and everything out. The only people in the whole school who have ever been able to get your attention were the teachers and your brother. If anyone else tried to talk to you...it was like you never noticed..."

I shook my head, not allowing myself to believe him. "No..." I said, "People never noticed me. No one has ever even talked to me, they all just ignore me..."

"Are you sure?" He asked, testing me. "Or was it you who was always ignoring other people...so focused on your books and school work that you just blocked everything else out."

I sat there just staring at him, wondering if maybe he's not lying, if maybe that was true.

"Here...I'll help refresh your memory." He said, while pulling into a parking lot to Wal-Mart and parking. He turned toward me obviously thinking the

conversation had become too intense for driving. "Grade one - it was lunch time, and you pulled a peanut butter and jelly sandwich out. You stared at it in disgusted before saying, "EWWW. I hate P.B and J!" You got up from your desk all angry and I turned to you with my sandwich in my hand and said, "Here Stasee...You can have my Baloney and mustard." But you walked right by me, like you hadn't even noticed, went and threw your sandwich in the garbage."

I had no clue what he was talking about...at first, but then the memory came back to me. I remembered that was the day my parents had decided to try giving me a different kind of sandwich, but I hated P.B and J, at the time, I love it now. But anyways I remember stomping off to the garbage to throw it away, I heard some a voice in the distance but I figured they were talking to someone else.

"There were so many times I tried to talk to you Stasee, there's a few times that really stick out." The boy continued. "Like in grade five - you cut your finger on a piece of glass while we were outside during recess. For some reason I always had a bunch

of Band-Aids in my pockets, curtsey of my parents. I tried to offer you one but you ran to the teacher, completely ignoring me."

Again the memory came to me and yet I figured the distant voice was being directed to someone else.

"Then in grade eight - I noticed you were reading a batman comic, one of my favourites from the Hush volume. I was so surprised you read comics and that you were actually into that kind of stuff. You were sitting on the floor beside your locker, I was standing right next to you, trying to talk but you never even glanced up at me. I felt like I was talking to a wall."

"Oh..." Was all I could say, I mean all these years, this boy had tried over and over to talk to me and I had never noticed. All these years I thought people just ignored me because I was different because I didn't fit into their groups and yet the whole time it was me who was ignoring them? "So...If I have been ignoring you all these years, then why did you keep trying to talk to me?" I asked him.

"I don't know, I guess I just figured sooner or later you'd finally notice...and you did."

I looked up at him with an arched eyebrow. I never noticed, he just told me.

"Sort of..." He continued, "I mean today you actually acknowledged me when I helped you up...I think it's because of Damen, I mean ever since you and him, you've seemed to of finally came out of your shell."

"Me and Damen?" I laughed, "Don't you remember...I'm his crazy stalker." I said with annoyance.

"No you aren't, I thought you two were hooking up...weren't you out all night with him last night?"

My eyes bulged out, "How did you know?!" I pretty much yelled at him. "Are you stalking me?" I felt the need to jump out of the SUV and run away...fast. His next words left me frozen.

"No...But Damen is my older brother."

Chapter 9

Chapter - 09

Part 9 is now done! Yay! Haha sorry it took me so long, I tried to make this one a bit longer, but its still kind of short lol!

I still can't believe how many comments and votes i got from Part 8! Thank you guys sooo much! I love them! I'm kind of in a rush right now, So I'm going to say this fast. Thank you thank you thank you, to everyone. You all Rock! Please Comment, and if you like my story Vote!

XoxoX

-Krissy

Chapter 9

"What?!" I yelled, staring at the boy in disbelief. "That inconsiderate, deceitful, arrogant, liar is your brother!?"

"Well, if you have to put it that way." He replied calmly.

I couldn't believe it, this boy seemed so different and yet, so the same. I mean whenever Damen was with just me, he was really nice. Damen was only an ass when we were at school and around other people. I just ditched school to get away from Damen and all his bullshit and now I'm stuck in a car with his younger brother? Great!

"Yah, so you can call me either Damen's little brother...or if you want Brandon, since that's my name."

"Oh, yah...I totally forgot to ask what your name is." I said feeling a little bit embarrassed.

He laughed lightly at that while turning the engine back on. It looked like he was about to say something, then a knock on his side window turned our

attention outside. A blond girl was standing there with her arms crossed staring at Brandon curiously, before eyeing me. Her hair reached down to her shoulders in perfect bouncy curls. Her eyes were light blue and her skin was a soft ivory color. She was wearing a cute pink blouse, which only added to her adorable features.

Brandon rolled down the window, "Hey Karis!" He said, though she just stood there, not saying anything. "What's your problem?"

"Ummm...let me see," she spoke with attitude but her voice was so small and cute she wouldn't be able to scare a baby. "You were supposed to meet me outside the school half an hour ago. I started walking and then I saw you parked here...with Stasee? Since when did you start hanging out with her?"

"Since...half an hour ago." He replied with a chuckle.

"Oh. Well are you going to let me in?" She asked. Brandon nodded as he depressed the automatic door locks. Karis smiled at us as she opened the door and jumped into the backseat.

"I'm Karis," she said, waving at me with a giddy look on her face.

"Oh...nice to meet you, I'm-" I began before she cut me off.

"Stasee, I know I've gone to school with you for years."

"Oh...I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it, I'm not at all offended. You don't really pay attention to anyone at school." She spoke nonchalantly before adding, "Well, that was until this week anyways."

"Yah...apparently." I replied. "Honestly, I never even noticed. I always thought everyone was ignoring me, I just found out today it was the other way around..."

"What!?" She yelled in surprise while Brandon pulled the SUV out of the Wal-Mart parking lot and back onto the road. Karis leaned on the edge of her seat while poking her head between me and Brandon. "You thought people were ignoring you? Oh my God! Come on Stasee, you are like the most beautiful girl in the whole school, I mean if you actually wore

clothes more your age and got all that hair out of your face, you'd be like model material. I don't understand why you try to hide yourself all the time, I mean if I had your beauty, I'd be flaunting it!"

My face began to flush red at her words - it was hard to believe she was speaking the truth. Every time I looked in the mirror I felt nothing but disgusted, I never really thought I was pretty much less beautiful and her saying I looked better than all the other girls at the school had to be a lie. I was nothing compare to Candise with her perfectly curved body and bronze coloured skin.

"I mean if you actually did something with yourself every morning," Karis shook her head as she spoke, "every guy would be kneeling down to you, worshipping the ground you walk on!"

"Karis, she doesn't need to change anything, she's perfect the way she is!" Brandon interrupted her, "Now sit back and put your seat belt on!" He demanded.

"Urgg!" She whined, "Fineeee."

Her head disappeared back into the back of the vehicle as I turned my head and looked out the window. I was exhausted, I still hadn't gotten any sleep aside from my little nap in History class and my knees were still scratched up and full of dried up blood. The fact that Damen had embarrassed me completely in front of half the school was still stuck in the back of my mind, and not only that but for the first time in my life I was actually skipping class.

"Stasee?" Brandon spoke softly, his seductive voice vibrating in my ears as I turned my eyes towards him. "Are you okay?"

"Yah, I've just had a pretty eventful day, that's all."

He nodded in response as his free hand reached over to me and gently rubbed my shoulder. The feeling of his touch brought a warm sensation to my heart. It was nothing like the way I felt when Damen touched me. When Damen touched me I wanted to pounce on him and rip off all my clothes in the process! Brandon made me almost want to cuddle in his arms, hear that sweet gentle voice whispering in my ear.

"Yah! I'm still back here." Karis' little voice broke through my thoughts as Brandon removed his hand from my shoulder. Just then the realization dawned on me as I looked at Brandon and then Karis.

"Are you two...." dating, I wanted to say, but instead my voice trailed off.

Karis began laughing while Brandon just looked amused before he began to talk. "No, Karis wishes we were!"

"HA-Yah right B, I wouldn't date you if my life depended on it!"

Brandon smiled while adding, "Me and Karis have been friends for years, she's more like my sister than anything."

"Oh..." I responded, "Here's another question...Why aren't you guys at school?"

Both Brandon and Karis looked at each other before turning their attention back to me. Karis was the first one to speak.

"We're both ahead in all our classes and whenever we get to far ahead we take a day off school and go have some fun."

"What were you guys planning on doing?" I asked.

"We were going to take Brandon's boat out go for a little spin." Karis answered me.

I tilted my head to the side before adding, "But you aren't anymore?"

"Oh..." Karis mumbled before looking at Brandon and then back at me. "I just thought-"

Brandon cut her sentence short as he looked at me in surprise, "Did you want to go for a boat ride?" He inquired.

"Of course I do!" I answered with excitement.

"Well that settles it." Karis' voice was perky as she clapped her hands together. "To the Boat-Mobile!"

Brandon and I both began to laugh in unison, before repeating Karis' words together with more enthusiasm "To the Bat-Mobile!"

We pulled up to the harbour, finding a free parking spot that was only a few feet away from the docks. I was going to state how lucky we were to find such a good parking spot empty when I noticed a little sign in front of us that read 'Private - Hurtz'. Seeing the name right away reminded me of Damen as it took me a second to realize that Hurtz was Brandon's last name as well.

"You own your own parking spot?" I asked with a huge smile plastered to my face.

"Well, it's my parents - just like the boats my parents'." He replied.

"And they don't care that we're taking it out?"

Karis laughed as we all got out of the vehicle. She came to my side and whispered, "Like they'd noticed. They probably wouldn't even notice if their own house was on fire."

I lowered my eyes as Karis and I walked around the SUV and met up with Brandon on the sidewalk while making our way towards the docks. "Really? Why?" I asked.

This time Brandon answered me, "My parents are out of town a lot, so busy with work it's pretty much like Damen and I live on our own."

"Yah, My parents are the same..." my voice was full of understanding.

We finally stopped in front of white Adria 1002 motor boat. I looked it up and down while nodding my head in acceptance. "Not bad, not bad." I said while admiring the boat. "2x 125hp Yammar Diesel?" I asked while following Karis and Brandon onto the boat.

"Sure is." Brandon answered, "You seem to know a thing or two about boats." He stated.

"I read a lot."

Karis giggled before she decided to test my knowledge, "What year?" she questioned me.

"2005" I replied without hesitation.

"Hey Brandon, maybe you and I aren't the smartest kids at school. Apparently we have some hidden

competition." Karis yelled toward Brandon who was now untying the boat.

A little smile appeared on Brandon's face though he didn't reply to Karis. I watched him as he headed up the stairs and towards the steering wheel. "And we're out of here!" He yelled towards us as he started up the motor. We pulled out of the docks as we made our way out onto the water.

We slowly began to gain speed as the warm breeze brushed through my hair. I hadn't been on a boat for years and I had almost forgotten how nice it felt as the wind blew against my warm skin. It was such an incredibly hot day today which only made the boat ride that much better. I stared out the boat watching the water smashing against the sides before rolling over and turning into light waves. The sun beamed down on us as the boat conjured winds that kept our bodies cool.

Karis looked as if she were trying to talk to me but the boat's motor overpowered her voice as I sat there watching her mouth form into different shapes. Though I couldn't hear her, I felt bad for not

responding so I merely just nodded my head at her as I turned around again to look out the side of the boat. I watched the ripples on the water as we slowly began to stop. We were now out of the harbour and as I looked over to see the town of McLennan it barley looked like anything other than a line of green.

I watched as Karis stood up and stretched her arms out, "Need any help with the anchor?" She called out to Brandon.

"No," He called back, "It's already in!" Brandon appeared in front of us, he was now wearing a pair of green swimming shorts that reached just past his knees. His chest was bare, showing off his slight muscles. He wasn't anywhere near as muscular as Damen but his skinny body and small abs were just as inviting.

"Today was the perfect day to take the boat out," Karis smiled as she waved her arms in the air in attempt to soak up the sun. Suddenly Karis began to strip her clothes off as I quickly turned my head

away; trying to prevent myself from seeing anything I wasn't intended to.

I heard Karis' giggle from behind me, "Calm down Stasee." She spoke with amusement, "I'm wearing a bathing suit."

I turned around just in time to see Karis standing on the edge of the boat, "Last one in is a rotten egg!" She joked as she leaped into the air before doing a perfect dive into the water, barley even making a splash.

I made my way over to where Karis had jumped off the boat and sat down, allowing my legs to dangle off the edge. Karis resurfaced as her gaze met mine. "Aren't you coming in?" She asked.

"No...I think I'll pass for now." I replied.

"Me too." Brandon said as he came and sat down beside me.

"Fine, but you don't know what you're missing out on!" Karis called out before she dunked back under the water.

"Honestly Stasee...how can you be wearing that?" Brandon asked as he pointed toward my black jeans and dark blue long sleeve T-shirt with the Care Bears on it. I had a tank top under the shirt which only made the whole outfit that much warmer.

I shrugged my shoulders, "I don't know...I guess I'm used to the heat."

"Karis was right though, you know about how you seem to try to hide yourself all the time." He spoke quietly while staring into my eyes, "I mean why don't you take off some of those layers and let the sun touch your skin for once?"

"Brandon Hurtz!" I pretended to sound offended, "You just want me to strip for you, don't you?" I teased.

"Well, I wouldn't so much mind that either." He joked back as I playfully punched him in the shoulder.

"You're going down for that, Stasee Rainie!" He laughed as I jumped up to my feet and tried to run away. I barely got three feet away when I felt Brandon's arms wrap around my waist before

pulling me up off my feet. I watched as he continuously walked closer to the edge of the boat as my struggling to get free increased in intensity and fervour. I felt his grip on me slipping as the feeling of victory rose through my body, I was almost free. Just as I thought that, I felt both mine and Brandon's body leaving the boat.

I gripped Brandon tightly as gravity had taken over and we dropped into the water, making a huge splash. The ice cold ocean against my burning hot body was shocking at first; even so, it was unbelievably refreshing. I opened my eyes under the water, realizing Brandon and I still had our arms wrapped around each other. I could feel my cheeks flush pink and was glad that no one could see my face properly. I pushed Brandon away from me as I swam to the surface in dire need of oxygen. As my head surfaced into the warm air, I heard Karis' bursts of laughter only a few feet away.

"So apparently you guys are coming in!" She teased as Brandon came up for air as well.

The second Brandon's head poked up from the water I pounced on top of him playfully, trying to push him back under the water. Brandon splashed the water fiercely, making it harder for me to get to him. I could see Karis watching us with amusement before I splashed water in her face as well. Karis swam over to us and joined in, all three of us, against each other in a raging water fight.

We continued to attack, push, and splash each other, and every so often jump on top of someone for a good half an hour or so. Somewhere within the playful fighting I managed to lose my Care Bears shirt, leaving me in only my white tank-top and black jeans. All three of us finally lost all energy to move as we pulled ourselves back up onto the boat.

"Nice Bra Stasee." Brandon teased as he looked over at my see-through white tank-top.

"Shut up Brandon, maybe if you didn't toss me into the water with all my clothes on." I tried to sound mad, but you could hear the light-heartedness in my voice. Weirdly enough I wasn't embarrassed to be seen in my tank-top like that. Honestly, I didn't even

care, I don't know if it was because I was getting use to Karis and Brandon or if it were merely because I was too tired to care.

All three of us lay on the boat floor, trying to regain our energy. A little while later, we finally got up as Brandon went and pulled up the anchor, Karis and I headed into the boat in search of a bathroom. Karis had a skirt she was going to let me wear seeing as my jeans had grown two times bigger and were now falling off me. I stared in the mirror after I finished changing.

When Karis said she had a skirt, I hadn't thought she meant a little piece of fabric. The white skirt just managed to cover my butt, making me look like a young whore. I was wearing my white tank-top that was now see-through revealing my black bra.

"Are you still in there?" Karis called out from behind the door.

"Karis!" I screeched back, "I look like a freakin' SLUT!" I opened the bathroom door as Karis' eyes scanned my body. Her mouth dropped open as she stared at me in disbelief.

"Okay, you can just have that skirt because now that I've seen how good it looks on you, it's never going to be the same on me." She said with disappointment, "And Stasee, You don't look like a slut, if your outfit were black, then maybe. The white gives you an angelic look."

P.S Karis is pernounced like Paris but with a K, for all those who were wondering.

on yah and comment

and vote if you like! =)

Chapter - 10

Hello,

WOW! Almost a month since I last uploaded. Honestly, that is NEVER going to happen again, I actually have a good excuse. I just got two in jobs at the begining of August, and have honestly had no time off or anything. I've been working like a crazy person, getting trained and all the fun stuff. I know I've been making alot of you suffer for quite some time, but it is finially here. Anyways, What I'm going to do from now on is pick one day of the week that I'm going to Publish a part/chapter every week.

EVERY sunday from now on 'Bye, Bye Virginity' well be uploaded. EVERY thursday for now on 'Dangerously Forbidden' well be uploaded.

THATS THE PLAN!! Yay!

Anyways, for everyone who is still reading my story, THANK YOU I know you have waited a VERY long time but honestly The fact that you are still supporting me means SOO much to me!

I'm Sorry again for making you guys wait, I'll never do it again!! Thanks for your support and I hope you like this Part! And PLEASEE If you Like, Vote AND Comment!

XoxoX xoxoxoxoxoxoxoox

-Krissy! =)

Chapter 10

Karis left me standing in the bathroom alone as she disappeared out onto the deck of the boat. I stood in the same place checking myself out in the mirror. I looked like a completely different person. My wet hair was pulled back into a messy ponytail revealing

my face for once. While usually all the clothes I wore hid every curve of my body, these clothes enhanced them. As I stared into the mirror I felt completely exposed and naked, although at the same time a new born confidence grew inside me.

I felt kind of fake and made up. Like this apparition wasn't me; I looked as if I were trying to be someone else. I finally made up my mind and decided to wear the little skirt and see-through tank-top. It's not like I really had any other options. I made my way up onto the deck of the boat, making my way over to Karis and Brandon. I could feel the boat slowly begin to stop as Brandon found his usual berth at the docks.

Neither Karis nor Brandon noticed me as I stood against the wall, almost hidden by the shadows. Both of them seemed to be staring wide-eyed at something on the dock. From my position I couldn't see what they were staring at. It wasn't until the icy voice rang through my ears freezing both my body and heart motionless. I could feel my knees weaken beneath me as I fought to remain upright.

"Hey lil' bro, you didn't tell me you were taking the boat out. I've been waiting around here forever dude!" Damen's voice echoed through my ears.

As much as Brandon's deep, sexy voice brought a shiver down my spine it was nothing compared to the way Damen's voice made me feel. Sure Brandon was nice, even sweet and he was my safest bet knowing that he would never hurt me. Damen on the other hand made me feel a way no other guy ever can ever could or ever will. Damen's husky voice vibrated my ears, calling me towards him like a siren song as if I were under the spell of a love potion.

"Oh...uh...umm...so-sorry Damen...I...didn't...it didn't even...cr-cross my mind." Brandon stuttered as he stared down at his brother in shock.

I could feel my legs began to move though it felt as if I were floating as I made my way out of the shadows and toward the edge of the boat. My eyes slowly found their way to Damen as my heart clenched inside my chest almost causing me to throw up. The pain that was brought on by seeing him standing

there forced my eyes to well up with unshed tears as I stared down at his oh-so perfect body.

His square set jaw was scrunched up into a playful smirk as his perfectly messy hair blew lightly around his head from the ocean's breeze. His outrageously perfect muscles were outlined through his size too small t-shirt. It was incredibly sexy seeing as the shirt was white and made his flawless, bronze skin stand out like a rose in the middle of a field full of weeds.

Everything about Damen was perfect, like he were a gift from the God's sent to earth to punish girl's the worse way possible - heartache. If that was the case, then so far he is doing an absolutely wonderful job. Just standing there - seeing him made me want to fall to my knees, face in my hands and cry until every last tear was drained from my body. I couldn't imagine how any guy could possibly make me feel this way, how he can force me to sink so low as to wallow in my own pathetic misery?

I could feel the lump rising into my throat as I swallowed hard. I wasn't going to cry, not this time, I was not going to give him that satisfaction! No, I was

going to hold my head up high and act as if I didn't care, it was the only way. I knew I was strong and it was now time to prove it.

"Oh...don't worry Damen, we were just leaving!" I yelled out toward him as I walked over to Brandon and wrapped my arm around his neck.

I watched as Damen's smirk quickly disappeared at the sound of my voice, his face shifted into the look of shook at what I'm guessing was the realization that I was on the boat. My smile widened as I noticed Damen's eyes scan my body from head to toe, stopping briefly at both my mini skirt and then see through shirt.

"...Stasee...?" He whispered in disbelief. He looked back and forth between Brandon and me as his confusion was quickly replaced by anger. "Brandon?!" He yelled angrily.

"What..." Brandon asked, pretending he didn't know what Damen was talking about even though we all knew he knew exactly what this was all about.

"So is that how it's going to be little bro?" Damen's face was flushed beet red, his entire body exuding rage and unbridled anger!

"Oh get over yourself Damen!" I shot back as I jumped off the boat and onto the dock. My mini skirt inched up a little giving Damen a quick flash of my underwear. I felt a little embarrassed and could feel my cheeks begin to redden. I managed to hide my embarrassment by waving my hand in front of my face pretending it were the heat that flushed my cheeks pink. "It's not like we were ever together!"

"I never said this was about you!" He retorted back.

I laughed a fake seductive laugh, "You don't have to say it, Babe...It's written all over your face." I whispered into his ear as my fingers ran through his perfectly smooth hair. His chocolate brown hair felt like fluff from the heavens.

STOP IT!

STASEE REMEMBER! HE'S AN ASSHOLE! My mind yelled.

I forced myself to come back to reality while forcing Damen out of my mind. I brought my face up closer to his as if I were about to kiss him and the second he closed his eyes getting ready to kiss me back, I shoved him hard in the chest. I gazed at Damen as he tumbled over and fell off the dock before splashing into the water.

I could hear Karis' laughter from behind me as I watched Damen's head emerge out of the water. His perfectly brown hair dripped water down his face making him only that much more irresistible. An unknown emotion crossed over his face as he stared up at me while swimming over to the dock.

Karis grabbed hold of my arm while pulling me away. I could still hear her laughter as I glanced over my shoulder trying to get another look at Damen. He was just starting to pull himself back up onto the dock as he watched us disappear out of sight. The look on Damen's face was stuck in my head haunting me. Most people say payback feels good and that its fun, if that's true then why did I feel so shitty?

I was so lost in my own thoughts that I had barely noticed Brandon trailing a few feet behind Karis and I. It wasn't until Karis' voice broke through my daze that I realized that Brandon seemed almost upset.

"What is up with you two!?" Karis finally stopped dead in her tracks and turned to look at both me and then Brandon. "K honestly, that was probably one of the funniest things I've seen all year and you guys aren't even laughing. Instead you two are sulking!"

At the exact moment me and Brandon looked straight at each other as I finally realized that I wasn't the only one who felt guilty, which only made me feel that much worse. I lowered my head in shame as I started down at the ground. I didn't want to tell Karis that I felt like a bitch for pushing Damen in the water or that the look on Damen's face pretty much destroyed me. That would only prove how much power Damen had over me.

Brandon was the first to speak, "I don't know, Karis... It's just I've never seen my brother look so vulnerable and hurt." Brandon spoke quietly as he walked over to me and put his arm on my shoulder. "Not that I

blame you Stasee, I mean what my brother did to you is way worse, I'm just not used to seeing my brother like that. I'm still just a little surprised." He tried to comfort me and yet it wasn't working, I still felt as bad as ever.

All three of us climbed into the SUV silently, this time I sat in the back seeing as I was no longer in the mood to talk. I may have been overreacting a little bit, I mean all I had done was push Damen into the water. It wasn't like I embarrassed him in front of half the school or anything that extreme. But still, the fact remained the same, the look of betrayal and vulnerability that masked Damen's face was heart wrenching.

I stared out the window of the SUV, watching as we passed by houses, cars and people though I barley saw anything. The only imagine I could see was Damen with his face covered in the ocean's water, his hair dripping wetness down his cheeks and his deep brown eyes staring up at me, pleading for forgiveness.

"Alright Stasee, we're here." Brandon's voice interrupted me as I looked around, realizing we were now parked outside my house.

"Oh." I said as I grabbed my back pack and tossed it over my shoulders. "Well...uh, thanks for taking me out on the boat, I really did have fun." I said while forcing a smile. I opened the door and I began to descend from the vehicle.

"Oh!" Karis said pretty much jumping into the back of the SUV and wrapping her arms around me while her blonde curls bounced up and down. "I had so much fun with you today! It was so nice actually having a girl around for once, I'm usually just stuck with Brandon but today was fun! And don't worry so much about the whole Damen thing I know you and Brandon are like all upset about it and for absolutely no reason I might add! But seriously, Damen deserved it, no doubt and he'll be over it by tomorrow, so don't fret." Karis was talking so fast I could barley even manage to understand a word she was saying. "But honestly, we should hang out again! One Tree Hill is on tonight, I really love that show

you should seriously come over and watch it, P.S you don't have a choice in the matter I'll pick you up at 7:30. Okay?" Karis pulled me back into a hug before I could even answer her but her crazy excitement made me laugh. Honestly, how could anyone manage to talk so fast?

"Karis, remember - stop and take a breath!" Brandon laughed as he pulled on her shirt and hauled her to the front of the vehicle. "I'll see you at school tomorrow Stasee, I really did enjoy hanging out with you." His rough sexy voice was sincere as he looked over to me as a little smirk played its way onto his face before he pulled out of the driveway.

Karis stuck her head out the window as they began to drive down the street, "I'LL PICK YOU UP AT 7:30!!" She yelled out.

I smiled to myself as I began to make my way to the front door of my house. Even though there were multiple emotions running through my body, the fact that those two could still make me laugh continued to amaze me.

"Stasee.."

I jumped out of fear, as my heart stop for a second.

"Trent!" I yelled and hit him in the stomach with my backpack, "You scared the crap out of me!"

Trent folded his arms as he stared up at me and spoke sternly, "We need to talk."

Chapter - 11

Hello Everyone!

Soo Like I promised, its sunday so Part 11 of Bye, Bye Virginity! Yay.

This Chapter is more about Stasee and Trent, I've noticed I hadn't really put trent in the book very much so thats what this chapter is about, and because there isn't really any romance in this chapter.. and Well I LOVEE Romance I also decided I'm going to put up Part 12 of BBV a little earlier this week. Hehe This tuesday Part 11 well be up, just because I feel like giving you guys a bonus chapter this week. Hehe.

I want to thank EVERYONE who is still reading my stories, I left you guys hanging for so long and the fact that you guys are still supporting makes me feel, well, EXTREMELY good.

THANK YOU EVERYONE! I love you all, I hope you enjoy this part, and please Comment. Vote. Comment. Vote and of course COMMENT!

=)

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 11

We need to talk? I asked myself as I stared down at my older brother sitting on our front door steps. What in the world would Trent need to talk to me about? And why did he look so disappointed? The look that masked Trent's face was the spitting image of my father's facial expression whenever I did something bad or wrong.

"Okkkayyy?" I said in a questioning tone as I sat down on the step beside my brother. "What's this all about?"

He answered me with only one word, "Damen."

I had to mentally kick myself as I stared down at the sidewalk in shock. How did I not see this coming - Trent was my brother, Damen was one of his best friends, I should have known he would eventually find out. In a way I did although I never expected him to find out so soon. Even so I attempted to pretend I didn't know what he was talking about.

"What about Damen?" I questioned, even though I regretted asking it the second it left my lips due to the anger that appeared on my brother's face.

"Don't play stupid with me Stasee Anne Rainie!" Trent spoke low with anger in a HEROIC effort to declare the seriousness of the situation.

"Okay Trent, just let me explain-" I decided to tell my brother the truth, there was no point in hiding it any longer.

"Let you explain? What is there to explain, I think I've got a pretty good idea already." He barked back.

"Yah, but I really do like Damen and it's not his fault-"

"Oh. I know it's not his fault Stasee," He cut me off. His voice as sharp as ever, "Look, I know he's probably a good looking guy to you and sure he's popular."

This time it was my turn to cut him off. "It's not just that. He's also nice," I confessed before adding, "sometimes."

"Nice?" He demanded, "Damen Hurtz!?" A loud, sarcastic chuckle vibrated through his throat. "Even if Damen was nice, which for one I've never seen him be nice to anyone, how would you know?"

"Because, I've seen him be nice to me!"

How would I know? Wasn't this what Trent wanted to talk to me about? Me and Damen hanging out, becoming sexually involved. Yet, he's standing there questioning me on how I would know whether or not Damen is nice. I stared at my brother as confusion passed through me.

I know because I've hung out with him at least three times now! I wanted to yell, but didn't.

"He's been nice to you?" My brother questioned me, staring at me like I was crazy. "Stasee, you need to stop these delusions! I don't know what has gotten into you these past couple days but honestly it has got to stop." Trent spoke sternly while getting up off the stairs and staring down at me. "Damen is not a nice guy, he is not your boyfriend, he will never be your boyfriend, and mostly You-Have-Got-To-Stop-Stalking-him!" He yelled the last part out one word at a time so loudly I'm sure all our surrounding neighbours heard him.

"What!?" I literally screamed this as loud as my lungs would allow. "Me...st-st-stalking him!?"

Was Trent serious? I thought angrily. Did he honestly just accuse me of stalking Damen?

My own brother, my own flesh-n-blood actually believes all the rumours that are being circulated throughout the school about me. The worst part of it all was that I wasn't stalking Damen, if anything it's the other way around!

Who came to MY bedroom, and waited on MY bed for me that Friday night? My mind continued to yell.

Who pulled ME into the janitors closet?

Who came to MY house and threw rocks at MY bedroom window?

Who took ME from MY house in the middle of the night?

Who brought ME to their "Special" place?!

When I ran away from the school to get away, WHO ended up showing UP?!

The answer to all these questions is: DAMEN, DAMEN, DAMEN, DAMEN!!

And yet, apparently it is too impossible to imagine Damen being the one who's going after me, so instead people are coming up with this ridiculous story about me stalking Damen?! It was completely and utterly outrageous because not only does pretty much all of Kershaw High think I'm stalking Damen but now so does my older brother.

Things couldn't get any worse!

"Don't sound so surprised Stasee." Trent's voice lowered to a more nonchalant tone. "And don't try denying it either, I've added up all the clues which lead to the same conclusion...You having an unhealthy crush on Damen."

"Clues?!" I jumped to my feet as anger began boiling up inside me. I've never wanted to punch my brother in the face as much as I wanted to at that exact moment. "What clues?!"

"Stasee, Calm down. I'll tell you..." Trent spoke carelessly which only added to my anger. I stood there glaring at my brother, I could feel my cheeks burning red and my face scrunched up wildly. He continued to speak, "It first started Friday night, I kept catching you staring at Damen, which I guess is normal but still. Then, Saturday morning you asked me where Damen went and after that you continued to bug me all weekend with questions about Damen. Monday morning when we picked up Kevin you never spoke one word to him, like always, but that was until he mentioned Damen's name. For the first time ever you actually said something to Kevin, you

asked him if Damen slept with Tiffany and Jessica." Trent paused to look over at me and a look of triumph covered his face.

The anger that once roared through my body had now vanished and was replaced by shock and a dawning realization. Even though I knew I wasn't stalking Damen I was beginning to see why my brother would think I was.

Trent continued, "Then people at school kept catching you trying to talk to him, like that time at his locker during lunch break. Then at lunch break again outside by the tree. Now, you're hanging out with his little brother? Stasee, I love you and all but this stuff is not looking good. All your life you've never really talked to anyone but me, mom, dad and other adults. Then suddenly all this crap happens with Damen and now you're out god knows where with Brandon Hurtz and Karis Kindle?"

"Okay, I know this all sounds bad Trent." I said finally agreed with my brother. He was right all these clues did make me seem like Damen's little stalker, if only

people knew what actually happened behind the scenes. "But I'm not stalking Damen...I swear."

"You do like him right?" His question sounded more like an accusation.

"Yes, but he likes me too!" Okay, that was a lie. I didn't know for sure whether or not Damen liked me. His bipolar attitude was completely contradictory causing me to believe something one minute and then the complete opposite the next.

"Stop being delusional. Damen does not like you, Stasee!"

"Why!?" I screamed back, "Why is it so hard to believe? Why is it Damen can't like someone like me?!"

"Because he's mine-" The second the words left Trent's lips he shut his mouth and stared down at me, completely shocked by his own words.

I too just stood there staring up at my older brother who towered over me. His last three words continued to echo through my ears as I only managed to spit out one word, "What...?"

"Nothing!" Trent said quickly as his cheeks flushed completely red and I swear I could almost see sweat begin to form on his forehead.

"Trent...are you Ga..." I cleared my throat, "Trent...Do you like Bo..." I cleared my throat again, no matter which way I attempted to ask the question I still couldn't finish asking it. I looked up at my older brother, knowing he understood what I was trying to ask.

I watched him as he inhaled deeply before exhaling out and then nodding his head once - up and then down. I felt my heart began to race fast, not because I really cared that my brother was gay it was more because of how shocked I was. Then something else crossed my mind as panic soared through my body, "And Damen?"

Trent shook his head before opening his mouth to speak. "No...I don't think so...I'm pretty sure he's not." His voice was so small, like he thought maybe I was disappointed in him or that he had somehow let me down? "I guess I'm the one with the unhealthy crush on him."

"You know Trent, there's really nothing wrong with that." I tried to reassure him.

He looked down at me as if I were a kid who knew nothing. "Sure Stasee, there's nothing wrong with me being gay, I'm sure mom and dad would love it if their one and only son liked boys." He spoke sarcastically and then added. "Either way, please Stasee, promise me you won't say anything to anyone!?" He pleaded.

I had never seen my brother look so defenceless so exposed and vulnerable, I nodded my head. "I promise..."

Chapter - 12

Hey everyone!

Like I promised Part 12 on tuesday, I'm really tired right now and there may be a few mistakes in here I'm going to go over it better tomorrow morning and fix it up if i have to. I'm far to tired to do it right now but I know I have to put this up today because i told you guys i would =)

Anyways about last chapter eh? WoW Apparently that was a little bit unexpected hehe, I love catching you guys off guard. Your guys reactions are priceless. But anyways thanks for all the comments and Votes. You guys Rock!

Now... Presenting part 12 =)

Please.. Vote and Comment if you'd like. Please Comment! :D

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 12

Trent and I moved into the living room finding ourselves a spot on the couch. I sat on one end while Trent sat on the other. The fireplace was burning brightly illuminating the dark room in which all the windows were covered with maroon coloured curtains blocking out the sun.

I looked over at my older brother, visually scanning his body. He didn't look gay, he didn't act gay and as much as I really didn't care it was still so hard to believe that my brother was actually attracted to men. My brother was a jock, he played football and was actually good at it, all his friends were guys and he didn't care about how he looked. Some days he'd get out of bed and grab clothes off the floor, throw them on and leave for school.

All my life I thought gay guys were all flamboyant, do their hair in the morning, put make up on and say things like Oh. My. God. And No she didn't. You know, only had girlfriends and giggled when a hot guy walked by, tried to change their voice into a high-pitched screech. But Trent's not like that, he is the complete opposite, he acts and looks and is like any other straight man. He knows everything there is to know about cars and trucks; I mean he actually rebuilt his own 72 Chevy all by himself!

I think that's why the fact that my brother is gay bugs me so much. Usually when someone close to you is gay, you know it, even if they don't admit it, you and everyone else still know the truth. Though, it's not like that with Trent; if I were to even try to tell anyone Trent's gay no one would believe me, I doubt anyone would even believe him if he said it!

"What are you thinking about?" Trent voice broke my thought, he sounded sad and yet his voice was almost shaky. "A good way to get rid of me, to disown your gay brother?"

"Oh shut up Trent!" I said as I threw a side pillow from the couch at him. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself, you're gay! What's the big deal? Half the population of the world is gay nowadays!"

"Does that means you're gay to?" Trent said jokingly, "That would make it so much easier to tell mom and dad. I can be like, 'Mom, Dad...I'm gay.' Then they'll say, 'What?!' And I'll be like 'So is Stasee!!' and point my finger as you all dramatically."

I started laughing at my brother's lame joke before adding, "No Trent I'm not gay, remember I'm Damen's 'Craaazzzzy Stalkkkerrrr!'" I said sarcastically.

"Okay, Stasee..." Suddenly his voice went completely serious. "If you aren't stalking Damen, then what is going on, why do you keep asking about him and trying to talk to him at school?"

I completely stopped laughing as I stared at my brother in shock, I wasn't expecting him to ask me that and I hadn't decided on whether or not I wanted to tell him the truth. Before I didn't want to tell him because I figured he'd hunt Damen down and kick

his ass, but now that I know Trent's gay I'm pretty sure he wouldn't risk breaking a nail just to punch some guy out. I'm scared to tell Trent because from his reaction earlier I'm pretty sure my brother likes the same guy that I do. I don't know how he would react if he found out what truly happened between Damen and I.

"Come on Stasee...Just tell me, I'm going to end up finding out either way and I'd rather hear it from you."

He had a good point. I breathed deeply summoning up enough nerve to tell him the truth. "It all started last Friday... when Damen was staying the night here..." I started before I began to spill everything to my brother. I told him everything about that friday night, how Damen was in bedroom waiting for me, how he was gone in the morning. I told him about the janitor's closet, how he left me when Candise showed up. I told him how Damen showed up at my house in the middle of the night and took me to his 'secret spot' where we stayed up all night talking. How he embarrassed me in front of half the school

this afternoon and then how I met Brandon and Karis.

After I finally finished telling him everything relief washed over me, it was the first time I had talked to anyone about Damen and it was quite liberating finally being able to get everything off my chest. I looked over at my brother to try and tell what he was thinking although his face was completely emotionless.

"Weird..." Was his only response.

"Weird? That's all you have to say...What's weird?" I asked extremely confused with how Trent was acting.

"Everything, nothing you told me sounds like the Damen I know...Other than Friday night...But even that, you know he has never spent a whole night with a girl before...Usually he'll take off the second the girl falls asleep."

"You're not mad?" I asked him, ignoring his rambling. "I mean...Don't you...Well...Like him?"

Trent laughed, "That doesn't matter, he likes girls and I don't really have a chance." He said. "Although, I don't like the way that he...Wait...Never mind."

What? What was he just about to say? I thought while staring at my brother. Honestly I hate it when people start saying something and then change their mind! That is so fricken annoying!

"What were you going to say?" I prodded him.

He shook his head, "It's not important."

Frick that's annoying! I wanted to scream out.

"So then tell me."

"No." He said sternly, "Just leave it."

DING DONG DANG, DING DONG DANG!

"Saved by the Bell!" Trent said while jumping up off the couch and running for the door.

"Treeeennnttttt!" I yelled running after him.

I reached him just as he opened the front door to reveal a short little blond with bouncy curls. A large smile covered her cute little face, two small dimples

on each end of her smile. "Hey Trent!" She waved at him enthusiastically, "Mind if I steal Stasee for a bit, we're having a girls night, watching One Tree Hill."

"No, please take her away!" Trent looked over at me and smiled.

"You can join us if you'd like Trent, though I doubt you'd like One Tree Hill." Karis said while laughing at her own joke.

I didn't laugh though I was too busy wondering if my brother really would like that show. I mean before it would never even cross my mind, but now, maybe he did...

"A show about a bunch of whiney girls...No...I think I'll pass." He actually sounded a bit disgusted by the thought, "You girls have fun though." He went back into the house. As I watched him disappear I decided I'd find out later what he was about to say.

"Ready?" Karis asked pointing toward her Yellow 2009 Volkswagen beetle.

"For sure!" I replied while following her over to her car, "Cute car, honestly it suits you!"

"Thanks, my parents got it for me for my birthday."

"If you have your own car, why were you walking today? You know when Brandon forgot to pick you up after lunch." I asked her while getting into the passenger's seat.

"Urg...Thanks for reminding me, I can't believe he just left me there! 'Effin dink." Karis said as she put her keys in the ignition and started up the car. "He usually picks me up in the morning for school. The Hurtz's live next door to me so it's pointless for us to both bring our vehicles."

"Oh great..." I spoke sarcastically as I pulled my seatbelt on and we pulled out of the drive way. "You live like right next to them? like-"

"-Like jump out of my bedroom window and land in their house right next to them? Yup." Karis said finishing my sentence and answering my question at the same time.

I sighed loudly while thinking about how maybe going to Karis' house was a bad idea. I didn't want to see Damen and I had a good feeling that it was going

to be nearly impossible with him only being two feet away.

"Is that okay, Stasee?" Karis asked me, finally realizing my sudden change in mood.

"Yah, that's fine." I lied.

The rest of the ride to Karis' house was pretty uneventful; we talked about school and upcoming projects for our classes. It was about a fifteen minute drive from my house to Karis' and as we turned onto her street I recognized right away which of the houses were Brandon and Damen's. It was a large white house with black linings and roof. The house had a complete circular driveway with a large fountain in the middle of it. There was a large three door garage that seemed to be completely useless seeing as both Damen's GMC truck and Brandon's SUV were both parked on the driveway.

Just my luck, I thought to myself, they're both home.

Karis pulled into the driveway of the house right next to the white one. Her house wasn't nearly as big though it was just as nice. The whole house was a

pale brown color made of stucco with large windows covering the front of the house. There was a large balcony on the second floor that went from one side of the house to the other.

"We're here!" Karis turned to look at me a large smile plastered across her face. "We have ten minutes before One Tree Hill starts."

"Oh, well then we better hurry!" I said trying to mimic Karis' excitement when in reality I wasn't very much of a One Tree Hill fan. The only reason I agreed to go was because according to Karis 'I didn't have a choice in the matter'.

I felt a little bad, it was the first time Karis and I were actually hanging out and maybe my only chance in having a real friend and already I was basing our friendship on lies. Well, technically I didn't lie to her, she never asked me if I watched or liked the show. I'm guessing she just assumed seeing as almost all the girls at our school loved it.

Within seconds we were inside Karis' house, sitting on the couch in the living room with bowls of popcorn in our hands. "Almost on!!" Karis clapped

her hands together excitingly before turning her attention to me.

She was prettying much jumping on the couch with excitement and yet I was just sitting there bored. I was just starting to yawn when I realized Karis was still staring at me with narrowed eyes.

"What?" I asked, dumbfounded to the fact that Karis was obviously confused with my lack of excitement. "Oh! Yah...umm, yay? One Tree Hill...yay!"

Okay...So I'll definitely never make it as an actor.

"Okay? That was the worse attempt at excitement ever!" Karis stated while laughing at my academy award performance "You've never watched the show have you?"

"Not really...and by that I mean no." I finally admitted, "Never."

"Really!?" and the excited Karis was back, "Oh my God! You're going to love it, seriously!" She was back to jumping up and down on the couch, every so often knocking popcorn out of the bowl and onto the floor.

So, the show wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be. I mean there were a bit of whiney girls like my brother said but all in all it was pretty interesting. It was nice to watch a show with almost as much drama as my own life - it made me feel a little bit better.

"You know, Hailey and Nathan's relationship, like in the beginning kind of reminds me of you and Damen's." Karis said as the previews for next week came to an end.

"There is no relationship between me and Damen." I informed her.

"Yah, keep telling yourself that." Karis said while placing her empty bowl on the coffee table. "But you like him right?"

"Why does that matter?" I questioned her.

"Because we're friends now and friends tell each other stuff like that." She continued to hassle me for the truth.

"Okay...Sure, I kind of like him but he's still a dick!" I blurted out the truth came out.

A sweet little 'awww so cute' smile covered Karis' face, "He's only like that because he's not used to actually having feelings for someone."

"Yah...Sure that's what it is." I spoke to her like she was crazy and in need of medication or at the very least sedation!

He's a senior at high school, he's had tonnes of girls and yet Karis was sitting there trying to tell me he was being 'shy'? I'm sure that was the reason, I mean usually when you like someone and you're shy you decide to embarrass them in front of half the school, that's always the best way to go about it.

"Okay, enough about me and my love life, who do you like?" I decided to change the subject.

"No one!" Karis almost yelled as her cheeks flushed deep red.

"You're lying!" I accused her.

"So what, I'm not telling you!" She folded her arms and turned her head away from me.

"You have to... We're friends now and friends tell each other stuff like that." I smiled, knowing she had to tell me now seeing as that was her own rule.

"Fine!" She turned to face me, her face still as red as an apple. "I like...." Grabbed the pillow from the couch and pressed it against her face shyly. She spoke into the pillow muffling her words, "Brhufen."

I took the pillow from her, "What was that?!" I smiled.

"Brandon!" She finally said clearly as my eyes widened and I stared at her in shock.

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Authors Note: P.S I even made it a little longer for everyone! So comment!

Tee-hee!
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Chapter - 13

Hey everyone!! =)

So I know I'm a bit late and I'm Done I've done it and it's up.

I know how many of you love this story and await for the next Part everytime and honestly I HATE making you guys wait for so long but you all have to understand that i do have a very busy, BUSY life. So I honestly do try my hardest to write any free minute I have.

I'm sorry I'm a few days late this time, and for all my D.F fans, well I'm Extemely sorry, now I'm falling far,

far behind. I well be uploading soon, but like i said I really dont have much spare time.

Also, I'd like to say THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU to everyone.

I honestly LOVE your comments you guys all rock!

Thanks for all the support everyone and I hope you all continue to support me! =)

Now heres part 13, and even though I say this all the time, this part is one of my Favourites so far! =D

Please, Comment everyone. Comment, Comment, Comment.

And of course if you LIKE my story Vote

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 13

"Brandon?" I finally asked, "I thought, well, I thought you two were just friends?"

"We are...that's the thing." She said as her eyes fell to the ground. I could see the sadness within them as I

began to understand her situation a little better. "We are just friends. We've always been friends. He barely notices me, it's like he only sees me as...like...I don't know...one of the guys?"

"Oh." Was all I could manage to say. I mean what was I suppose to say? It's not like I was used to that kind of thing. I've never had to try and console someone before. But at the same time I knew how she felt, to like a guy who didn't care, didn't feel the same way. I saw the sorrow in her eyes and I felt that same emotion within me.

Karis attempted to brush it off, "It's okay," I gave her a skeptical look. "Really it is, it's been like this for years and I've grown used to it." Although she sounded confident her eyes betrayed her anguish.

"Have you ever told him?" I questioned her.

She shook her head before speaking in barely a whisper, "No..."

I continued to interrogate her, "Why not?"

"You wouldn't understand," she mumbled.

"Try me."

She sighed heavily, "Have you ever liked a guy so much that when you were apart your heart just aches, like you were an addict and he was your drug? But when you were together you knew you could never truly be together, sure you could talk, laugh and hang out but you could never actually be in his arms. Do you understand how much pain it causes me to love a guy and never know whether or not he loves me back?"

I almost wanted to nod my head at her but I managed to prevent myself from doing so. It was like Karis had been actually speaking on my behalf, like she had been relaying everything I truly felt deep down. The strong feelings I felt towards Damen that I always hid, I always tried to avoid and ignore them hoping they would go away. No matter what Damen did to me, how much he embarrassed or hurt me the good memories always seemed to overpower the bad.

"Then why don't you just tell him how you feel?" I asked, knowing that it was easier said than done.

"Because!" She cried out, her eyes began to swell up with tears. "I'm scared! It hurts so much thinking that he might not feel the same way that I do, just imagining that tears me up inside. Can you imagine how much more it would hurt if I knew for sure that he didn't feel the same way? It would destroy me!"

"But what if he does feel the same way?" I said as my voice became higher, I was completely shocked that she had liked Brandon for so long and still managed to keep it a secret.

"That's not a risk I'm willing to take." She simply replied.

The sound of the front door opening forced both Karis and I to turn around to see who the intruder was.

Speak of the devil, I thought to myself as Brandon's tall and slightly lean body appeared in the doorway. He walked over to us before flopping down on the opposite couch as me and Karis. A concerned look flashed across his face as he noticed Karis' slightly watery eyes.

"What's wrong?" He instantly sat up and looked at her, his face full of concern.

"Nothing." Karis lied, "One Tree Hill got to me again."

If I hadn't truly known what was bugging Karis I would have fallen for her lie as well. For such a cute, innocent looking girl she was an accomplished liar! Or maybe it was her cute, innocent looks that made her such a good liar, either way the concern that once covered Brandon's face had vanished and was replaced with a smug little smirk.

"Awww! You mean I missed One Tree Hill." His voice was full of sarcasm.

"Damn."

"Oh shut up!" Karis rolled her eyes obviously she caught on to the sarcasm.

"What?" He pretended to act offended jokingly, "I thought you said it was on at nine o'clock, not eight!" His voice had a hint of humour in it clearly teasing Karis.

"Honestly Brandon?" Karis tried to sound disappointed in him but her voice had that same light-heartedness to it. "Every week it's on at eight and every week I tell you that and yet every week you somehow manage to show up an exact hour after right? Coincidence, I think not!"

I sat in silence watching Karis and Brandon continuously harass and tease each other. I also noticed some flirtatious eye rolls and cute smug smirks directed towards each other. I couldn't believe how I never noticed it before, the way they talked to each other and looked at each other.

Maybe this afternoon I hadn't really noticed it because Brandon had been paying so much attention to me. I thought maybe it was because he liked me because maybe he had been interested in me. It wasn't until now that I realized he was only being nice to try and cheer me up. Maybe he just felt bad for what his brother had done earlier and felt obligated to make it up to me.

Either way, as I sat there watching Karis and Brandon one thing was for sure; the feelings Karis

had towards Brandon were definitely mutual. I also had a feeling that it wasn't going to be very much longer before they both admitted their feelings to each other. Whether I had to force it out of them or not, it was going to happen. It was just plain stupid for them both to be hurting so much while thinking the other didn't feel the same way when it was obvious they both wanted more than a friendship.

"Earth to Stasee!" Karis' voice came from behind me which was weird because I swear she was just sitting beside me only moments ago.

I turned around to see both Karis and Brandon standing behind the couch staring down at me expectantly. "What?" I asked as confusion covered my face.

Brandon laughed, "Man Stasee when you zone out, you really zone out, Huh?"

I still stared up at them completely confused. I honestly didn't remember them moving or even talking to me for that matter. But then again I was pretty lost in my own thoughts and Brandon was

right, when I zone out I barely notice someone standing right in front of me yelling in my face.

Karis rolled her eyes at me while a smiling laugh appeared on her face. She walked around the couch, putting her arm through mine and pulling me up to my feet. "We said were going. I need to take off before my Mom gets home, which..." I followed her eyes to a large clock the hung just above the T.V, "Should be any time now, so let's go!"

At first I was kind of confused as to why we were leaving before her Mom got home but I decided not to ask, instead I just followed the two out of the living room, down the hall and out the front door. We were just walking down her front door steps when a Red Cadillac pulled into the driveway blocking Karis' beetle in.

"Shit..." Both Karis and Brandon said under their breath.

"Well so much for our great escape plan. Now, presenting the wrath of Mrs. Kindle." Brandon said looking over at Karis and then smiling, "Have fun, I'm out of here!" He ran down the stairs and jumping

over the white fence that separated Karis and Brandon's houses.

A tall blonde lady got out of the car; she was wearing a long black skirt that went just past her knees with a matching black blouse. Her hair was pulled back into a perfect bun with only a few strands of hair that fell gracefully along her face. She had a gentle, kind face though there was something in her eyes that showed she wasn't very happy at the moment.

"Uh-oh." Karis said while grabbing me by the arm and pulling me with her as she tried to make a run for it.

"Karis Kindle!" Karis' Mom's voice echoed through the air as Karis came to an abrupt stop.

Karis turned around while forcing a smile on her face, "Yah mom?"

"Don't try to act stupid Karis Kindle, you know what this is about!" Her mom finally reached us as she stood in front of Karis - her hands on her hips, barely even acknowledging my presence. "Where were you

today after your morning classes young lady!?" She asked sternly with a very parental tone.

"I was having lunch." Karis said honestly, although Karis' response only seemed to anger her mother more.

"Karis! You know what I mean and because of your lip you are grounded! No T.V, no video games, no computer or phone! Now get inside the house!" I could see her Mother's anger boiling up and her face was flushed red in anger.

"But I have to drive Stasee home!" Karis whined. Then as if finally noticing my presence, Karis' mother looked over to me and the anger immediately disappeared from her face.

"Oh dear, I'm sorry you had to witness that. I'm Karen Kindle, Karis' mother." She introduced herself as the kind face I saw at first was back.

I smiled politely back at her before something at the corner of my eye caught my attention. I looked over toward Brandon and Damen's house and saw him, there standing at the fence looking over at us as

beautiful as ever. He had his amazing little smirk plastered to his face and his eyes were looking at me and only me. When I first noticed him my heart raced - his stunning appearance left me breathless like it always did though the feeling was quickly replaced by anger.

"I can drive Stasee home Mrs. Kindle." Damen's husky voice brought tingles through my body.

"Oh." Karen said, turning her attention over to Damen, "Are you sure?"

"For sure, that won't be a problem." His charming personality seemed to work wonders on everyone.

"Oh thank you Damen." Karen said smiling sweetly at him before turning her attention back to Karis. "Karis, in the house now!" Karis turned to me with a sympathetic look before turning around and stomping back into her house.

Karen followed her but before she entered the house she looked back over at Damen, "You really are an angel, Hunny." Then their front door closed behind her.

Angel!? Yah right, more like Lucifer himself - here in the flesh, I thought to myself.

I turned back toward Damen, completely confused as what had just happened. Did he honestly think I was going to get into a vehicle with him? Sure he was undeniably gorgeous and had complete possession of my heart but that didn't make me hate him any less. I know how contradicting that sounded but it was the god honest truth. I hated him for everything he had done to me and yet I still couldn't convince my heart to feel the same way. It's sort of like that song, "I hate everything about you" by Three Days Grace.

I looked away from him as I began to walk down Karis' driveway, slowly thinking through my options. When I finally make it to the end of the driveway and the end of the fence, I had made up my mind. Instead of turning right; which would lead me to Damen's house, I turned left and began to walk down the sidewalk. I knew it was a long walk from here to my house, but it was better than riding with Damen.

I had to get over him, I had to forget about him, he was an asshole and I honestly couldn't handle

anymore heartache. I stared down the long street hoping that I was going the right way. I hadn't paid much attention to how Karis had got here from my house so I was pretty much lost but being lost was better than being stuck in a vehicle with Damen.

Suddenly I heard the sound of a vehicle slowing down behind me and I didn't need to turn around to see who it was. I had a feeling he wasn't going to give up so quickly and yet a girl can still wish. His voice came to my ears and as it always did send more tingles through my body that I tried hard to ignore.

"Stasee, are you seriously going to try and walk home?" Damen called out from his truck. I didn't say anything back, nor did I even turn around to acknowledge him, I just continued to walk.

"Come on Stasee, do you even know how to get to your house?"

No, I thought to myself but just kept walking.

"Look, it's getting dark out and I don't want you walking home alone! It's more than a two hour walk!"

I shrieked in frustration before finally turning around to face him, he slowed the truck down to a stop in front of me. "Why do you care if I walk home alone? Why do you care about me at all!?"

He looked completely taken back by my words. "Wha-what?" He stuttered, which was weird I don't think I have ever heard Damen Hurtz stutter, honestly I didn't think that was possible. Suddenly anger seemed to rush through Damen as he raised his voice. "Why do I care about you!? Stasee that is the stupidest question I've ever heard you say, you know I care about you! Why would I have brought you to my place on the cliff, my personal place if I didn't care about you?"

"Well, if you do care about me so much then you sure have a weird way of showing it!" I yelled back.

The anger vanished from his face as I watched him take a deep breath. "Please Stasee, just get into the truck and I'll drive you home, please." He pleaded.

There was so much sincerity in his voice and the way he looked at me it was impossible to deny him any longer. It broke my heart to see him so desperate, to

see the sadness in his eyes as he pleaded for me to get into the truck. Finally I gave in as I walked over to the truck I stared him down and said, "Just a ride home, that's it. Nothing more." He nodded.

I walked around the truck and got into the passenger's side, venting my anger by immaturely slamming the door shut after I got in.

"Hey, the truck didn't do anything wrong." Damen tried joking with a smile on his face.

"Don't talk to me, just drive!" I said crossly. He nodded.

We drove the whole way to my house in silence. I was seething with unreleased anger. I could feel him flickering glances over at me during the drive. I crossed my arms and just continued to stare out the window holding back tears. After fifteen of the longest agonizing minutes of my life we finally pulled up to my house.

I was just about to grab the door handle to open the door when Damen finally spoke. "Stasee." He whispered.

"What!?" I screeched back with anger still flowing through me.

"Y-you're not going to forgive me this time...are you?" He finally managed to choke out.

The anger in me evaporated as I looked up to the perfect master piece in the driver's seat. "I don't know, Damen." I spoke quietly, "You kissed Candise right after telling everyone I had some psycho crush on you."

He stared at me in shock and it seemed to take him a while before he got his voice back, "What? I never kissed her! She kissed me and I pushed her away and told her to keep her S.T.D lips away from me!"

Okay, that had almost made me laugh. I honestly had to cover my mouth to prevent myself from showing him that I actually thought it was funny.

He reached over to me and placed his hand on my bare shoulder which shot an electrical current through my body. I looked over at him and he quickly removed his hand, even though my body still vibrated in tingles from his touch.

He continued to speak, "And I know! I'm completely stupid for saying that to them, I don't know what happens to me at school. I really do care about you Stasee and I swear I'll change. I just...I don't know what would people think if they found out about us. I'm eighteen and your sixteen. People might think it's perverted and wrong." He sighed loudly, "But I don't care anymore, I don't care what they think! The only thing I care about is you. I want to be with you and I don't care if the whole world knows it!"

I reached for the door handle as my eyes found their way to the ground, I could feel the tears beginning to well up in my eyes. I opened the door as one single tear rolled down my cheek, "To answer your question Damen, I don't know if I can forgive you or not. I don't know if I'll ever be able to trust you again." I whispered quietly as I got out of the truck and let the door click shut behind me.

I could feel my heart shattering into tiny pieces, not because of Damen this time but because of myself. Because of what I had just said, it broke my heart to

speak those words and as I ran towards my house I felt hot rivulets of tears roll down my face.

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Authors Note: Alright also, I'd like to say that you all probably have noticed my 'Vengeance Will Be Mine' Prologue. I'm not planning on writing it untill im Not one of my others but I still want to know if you guys are going to like a story like that.

It's not a supernatural story, but its also doesnt have the whole Highschool scene either. It's totally decided the all the other stories so I'm not sure if people well like it.

So please check it out, let me know!! =D

P.S Comment if you like this Part too!
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Chapter - 14

Hello again!

I finally have part 14 up! Yay, hehe. I'm heading to work right now so i didn't to very much editing on it, but i will properly edit it tonight when i get home, so if there are any mistakes they well be fixed! hehe. I cant believe i have over 600 fans now! That is so crazy, honestly you guys are awsome! Thank you soo much for reading my story and commenting and voting! It means so much to me, I love you guys!

Secondly I'd like to say HAPPY BIRTHDAY To Catlish!! It was her birthday yesterday the 29th. Honestly i was trying to get this up for you yesterday but i

couldn't But its up now! HAPPY B-LATED BIRTHDAY! Love yah lots!

Now I hope you guys like this chapter! Enjoy. and Please Comment, Vote if you like!

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 14

I looked in the mirror and was completely stunned. I had never imagined in all my life what little effort it would take to make me look like this. I had gotten so used to wearing old baggy clothes and things that covered my body and hid my curves. I hadn't even noticed how much my body had developed in the last few years.

I was wearing a pair of jeans my auntie had bought for me last Christmas that I had never touched before. They were hip hugging skinny jeans that were very low and just covered my butt. They were tight against my hips and thighs making my short legs look long and thin. I wore a black belt that

matched perfectly with my figure hugging black halter top that ended a few inches above my navel. The halter top had built in support for my boobs which made my cleavage look amazing in the low-cut shirt. I felt like a supermodel!

I didn't over do the make-up to make me look like a street whore or anything but the light make-up I did wear really accentuated my features. The light pink blush I wore made my high cheekbones look erotic and the deep charcoal eye shadow I had put on made my light brown eyes pop out. I wore no eye liner but I did put on mascara to add length to my eye lashes. The natural coloured lipstick I wore somehow managed to make my lips look bigger and more Angelina Jolie style but not quite as intense.

Then there was my hair - for once it wasn't poker straight and covering my face. Instead I had it in big waves that flowed perfectly down to my back. Framing my face giving me a more confident look compared to my usual hiding behind my hair shy waif appearance.

It was hard to believe the girl looking back at me in the mirror was in fact...me? She didn't resemble me in any way and yet every move I made she mimicked. But it was me. It was the new and improved Stasee Anne Rainie, the girl who would not take any bullshit from any guy. The girl who would show what exactly he missed out on. Pay-Back is a bitch.

"Stasee! Are you coming or are you planning on walking to school?" I heard my brother yell at me from down the stairs.

"Ok, I'm coming!" I yelled back at him as a little smirk appeared on my face.

"Alright Stasee, what is up with the new look?" Trent asked me as we pulled out of the driveway. Ever since I had come down the stairs he had been staring at me with well, a weird look on his face.

"What do you mean?" I tried to play dumb.

"You know what I mean." He said sternly, "You look like you've come straight out of a playboy magazine." He shot me an accusing glance.

"Hey!" I gave him an insulted look though I kind of took it as a compliment. Most of the girls in playboy magazines were hot chicks! Mission accomplished I thought evilly to myself. "I'm wearing clothes!"

"And they look like they are painted on you - you might as well be naked!" He fumed.

"You're just jealous." I tossed my hair in the air dramatically and grinned at him.

We pulled up to Kevin's house as Trent began to laugh and he said sarcastically, "Yah, that's it Stasee, I'm so jealous of my little sister!" And rolled his eyes and stuck his tongue out at me. Boys are so immature!

"You will be when you see all the attention I get." I said jokingly and he just smiled back.

Kevin walked up to the truck and opened the passenger side door but instead of just jumping into the truck like he usually did he stopped dead in his tracks as his eyes fell on me. He gasped and I watched as his eyes widened and his mouth dropped. Like a typical guy he recovered with macho man

grace and immediately his eyes were scanning my body from head to toe. He didn't move at all, just took it all in. The only sound that escaped his lips was, "Woah."

I raised my eyebrow at him and said, "You better close your mouth before you get your gross pervert drool all over Trent's truck, I doubt he'd appreciate that very much. And by the way if you keep looking at me like that I'm going to have to charge you a viewing fee for the visual for your spank bank!" Then I winked and did perfectly executed hair toss.

Damn, I'm good! I thought to myself.

"Yah dude! What the hell's wrong with you?" Trent asked as he stared at his friend utterly appalled at his display of lewdness.

As if finally realizing what he was doing Kevin closed his mouth, gave his head a shake and jumped into the truck. The whole ride from Kevin's house to school was totally creepy! Kevin sat there and just stared at me pretty much the whole ride to school. We were just pulling up to the school when Trent finally noticed Kevin completely eye-fucking me.

"Hey dude, what is your problem this morning?" Trent almost yelled trying to get Kevin's attention.

Kevin's head snapped up as he looked over at Trent realizing for the first time where he was and who he was with. He cleared his throat, "Oh...Sorry, it's just..." He looked back over to me as his eyes once again scanned my body. "Damn Stasee, You are looking hot!"

I smiled back at Kevin trying to be seductive though my brother killed it when he said, "What the hell dude? That's my little sister!" And slapped Kevin upside the head!

"Sorry Man." Kevin put up his hands defensively, "but it's true." He said the last part under his breath before he scrambled out of the truck to avoid another shot to the head.

I slid over to the passenger's seat and was just about to jump down as well when suddenly Kevin appeared in front of me. "Here, let me help you." He offered. He grabbed me by the waist and pulled me out of the truck and placed me down on the ground.

I stared at him a little shocked at first, but could you blame me? I honestly was not used to this kind of attention! And to be honest I got off on the power! I also knew that with my new look I had to revamp my personality. I needed to act more like Candise but less like a slut and more like a tease. A fine line to be sure but one I was confident I would master. That had been my plan since I woke up this morning, I was going to change and take part in the world out there. No longer would I be that shy girl isolating herself in her own little bubble.

"My Hero," I said teasingly to Kevin.

"Gag!" My brother joked as he met up with me and Kevin at the front of the truck.

I whispered back only loud enough for Trent to hear me, "You're just jealous." He growled in frustration but there was a playful smile on his face.

"I guess there's no point to stalk him anymore, huh Stasee?" Kevin said pointing over toward the school.

I looked over at what he was pointing at and almost lost my ability to stay 'cool' and 'confident'. Damen

was walking toward us forcing my heart to sink and my body to heat up nervously. I could hear the rapid thumps inside my ear as my heart beat faster and faster.

"Hey Stasee." Damen called out, "Can we talk?" His voice made the hair on my neck stand up, but in the good way.

I was just about to say something like 'not right now Damen,' or really anything that would be deemed stuck-up enough when something moved with speed in front of my eyes. I heard a loud smacking sound that quickly turned into a crunching noise. It took my eyes a couple seconds to adjust to everything and my mind to process what had just happened. Trent was standing in front of me still shaking with rage, while Damen laid sprawled on the ground...out cold!

"Trent!" I yelled while trying to get past him to Damen but he held me back. I watched Damen's eyes slowly open but only one eye seemed to be able to complete the task. His right eye was already beginning to swell shut.

"Take this as a warning Damen Hurtz, if you ever go near my sister again I swear to God a black eye will be the least of your worries!" Trent yelled down to him. His arms were wrapped around me holding me back but I had finally stopped struggling and just stood there watching. Half the school had now surrounded us and began to riot. What a mob scene! I thought while watching half the students staring in shock, while the other half were screaming:

'FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!'

"I know...I'm sorry!" Damen yelled out. He was still laying prone on the ground but had now pushed himself up with his hands.

"Sorry for what Damen?" Trent yelled back. I could see the white hot anger in my brother's eyes, "Starting rumours about her around school? You're apologies mean nothing, just stay the hell away from her, got it!?" Trent's breathing was raspy he was shaking in anger.

"Damen Hurtz, Trent Rainie!" A loud voice broke through all the commotion as everyone turned around to see our principal pushing through the

crowd. Everyone began to scatter, leaving only me, Trent and Damen standing in the clearing. Damen half lying-half sitting on the ground with a puffy eye and Trent was standing above him with bruised knuckles.

"My office, now!" Mr. Verlock's voice echoed loudly all around us. His jaw was clenched in anger as he stared at first my brother and then Damen. "I don't suspect you had anything to do with this Miss Rainie?" Mr. Verlock asked while looking over at me. At first he was a little taken aback by my altered appearance.

"No!" Damen and Trent yelled in unison.

"Fine, you two...go, now!" With that the trio disappeared leaving me standing in the parking lot alone, still a bit shaken up.

"Sta-Stasee?" A voice I had recently gotten quite accustomed to reached my ears and soothed me down. I turned to face Karis with Brandon following closely behind her. "Oh my God! It is you, holy! Look at you. You look hot, you sexy thang! Love the hair and your-"

"Is it true your bro just knocked mine out?! That's crazy! Your brother must be pretty strong I mean it was would take an elephant to knock Damen down." Brandon interrupted Karis.

"Oh yah! We just saw Kathy and Sheila from class and they told us Trent came out of nowhere and just smashed Damen in the face!" Karis cut in, her voice fast and excited like it always was. Weirdly enough, Brandon had that same tone to his voice as well.

"Yah and Sheila said that Damen was lying on the ground bawling his eyes out! And-"

Karis cut Brandon off again, "And Mr. Verlock came and tossed kids out of his way!"

"Woah! Okay, calm down you two!" I had to cut them both off. They were eagerly staring at me with anticipation. "First of all, yes Trent punched Damen in the face-I'm pretty sure he's going to have an ugly bad black eye, secondly-no, Damen was not crying and Mr. Verlock did come but he didn't toss any kids around." I took a breath and continued. "Two minutes later and already the truth has been completely distorted!"

Brandon suddenly looked bored and Karis looked disappointed. "Aww...I think the fake truth was more fun." Karis whined. I laughed at her before we began to walk toward the school.

As we walked through the school yard and up to the front doors I couldn't help but noticed all the people that were staring at us. Every single person we walked by would look at us and then whisper something to their friends and then they would all stare. It was starting to make me feel uncomfortable. I felt vulnerable and exposed as I tried pulling my belly shirt down by the hem to cover my bare skin. Every time I attempted to pull my shirt down it was making the top portion of my shirt expose more of my cleavage.

Yeah that won't make people stare much! I rolled my eyes.

"Why is everyone staring at us?" I whispered to Karis as we walked into the school.

"Us?" Karis laughed, "Their not staring at us, their staring at you!"

"What-me?" With my new look I banked on that it would get Damen's attention but I honestly didn't expect this. I was so concerned with getting his attention and ignoring him, I didn't plan for the attention from the others.

"Yah, look..." Karis pointed at a group of girls who were looking at us, "The girls are glaring at you with jealousy. While the boys..." Karis pointed to a group of boys who looked like they were pushing their chests out. "Are checking you out and trying to get your attention."

"They are just embarrassing themselves..." I said as I watched a boy try to puff up and wink at me; I shuddered.

Yeah that was nice! Ick!

"That is just normal male vs. female behaviour, you may have gone to school here your whole life but you might as well be the 'Hot New Girl'." Karis stated.

"Well then why aren't you being a crazy jealous bitch and why isn't Brandon acting like a drooling zombie?" I questioned her.

"Because I know your personality and I know you aren't some slutty home wrecker." Karis winked at me.

"Like Candise." We both looked at each other and laughed.

"And I'm not a drooling Zombie because I'm not a shallow asshole." Brandon said finally jumping into the conversation. "I will admit Stasee, you do look really pretty-but looks aren't everything so don't let all this go to your head."

"She won't!" Karis defended me, "But we got to go and get ready for class, we'll see you at lunch?"

"Yah for sure!" I replied. Karis and Brandon both waved bye to me as they headed in the opposite direction.

I tried to ignore all the people staring at me as I made my way through the school and to my locker. I was glad to find that the hallway where my locker was had been pretty much empty, which wasn't much of a surprise. My locker wasn't very far from the

principal's office and most students tried to stay as far away from Mr. Verlock as possible.

12-32-08, I thought to myself as I began to unlock my locker. I opened the door and began to scrounge around for my books.

"So the rumours are true." An amused sounding voice startled me as I look behind my locker door and saw Derrek. He was another one of my brother's friends, one of the guys that hung out with Trent, Kevin and Damen. Derrek was a lot different than them though, he was the captain of the football team and the most stuck-up ass hole of them all! He was such a prima donna! He didn't talk to anyone at school unless you played football or if you were a cheerleader. He thought he was Brad Pitt and wouldn't even waste his energy with any of the girls at Kersha High. Every girl throws herself at him and he merely swooshes them away like an annoying little fly.

So when I closed my locker door and saw Derrek leaning up against the lockers, his arms folded against his chest eyeing me up, I was a bit surprised.

He was taller than most of the guys at school and his muscles bulged out of anything he wore. He honestly looked like he was on steroids but everyone knew he wasn't, he was just so obsessed with himself that he spend every spare second he had working out. He had perfect black hair and gorgeous grey eyes, if it weren't for the fact that he was so unbelievably huge then he would probably be less scary and much sexier.

"Well, well, if it isn't Derrek Harley. I'm sorry but I'm lacking football skills, also I'm not and never will be a cheerleader so you'd better jet before anyone sees you talking to me." I said to him as I opened my locker again and blocked his view from me.

He laughed loudly as he push my locker shut and moved in front of it so I couldn't get in. "I never expected Stasee Rainie to be so judgmental, aren't you supposed to be one of those sweet-n-shy type of girls?"

I rolled my eyes and simply replied, "People change."

"So I see," I watched him as his eyes began to survey my body with a half smirk glued to his face. "Never

would have thought Trent's little sister could look so sexy."

I could feel my face take on the form of disgust. "Is there a reason why you're here because if not could you please move so I can grab my books and get to class?"

"Feisty, I like it." He then winked at me.

"Eww." I began to turn around but as I did so I saw Damen coming out of the Principal's office. Plan A in motion, I thought as I turned back towards Derrek. "I mean, Oww-la-la?"

Okay, that's sounded stupid but who cares it didn't really look like Derrek was paying much attention to what I was saying seeing as he was too busy staring at my boobs.

"Anyways, I was actually going to invite you to my party tonight. You can be my 'Special' guest." He continued to have his conversation with my boobs. Again he winked.

Eww, I thought to myself. How do girls see him as attractive, he is far too muscular and has the biggest

ego! "It's a school night and I know I'm going to have a lot of homework." I said that part without thinking; it was the real Stasee Rainie coming out.

I heard Damen's footsteps getting closer, "I mean, yah whatever as long as there's alcohol." I then flirtatiously ran my hand across Derrek's chest, "and you."

EW-BARF! Did I say that? I may have to boil my hand later!

"I'll be there...So you better come Stasee, I'll be waiting for you." With that he moved away from my locker, grabbed my ass, patted it and swaggered away.

I felt disgusted and totally violated as I opened my locker and made gagging noises.

"Hey Damen, wait up man!" I turned around to see Derrek trying to catch up to Damen.

"Screw off dude!" I heard Damen yell at Derrek before he disappeared down another hallway.

Well, apparently I made Damen jealous, I thought to myself, mission accomplished! I leaned against my locker, gathered my books slammed my locker shut and almost skipped to class.

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Authors Note: P.S Make sure you comment! =)

And only Vote if you Like it!
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Chapter - 15

Heyyya everyone!!

haha I know.. Took alooooooong time eh? Well It was my birthday so i have an excuse. Plus I had to rewrite like 3 pages that I lost :o But now I'm done!!

I'd like to say something though..

OMG YOU GUYS ALL FRICKEN ROCK!!! Ahhhhh!

Part 14... over 400 votes! :o surprised x 100 :o

Wow... I almost cried I was soo happy! I love you guys and I'm glad you all like my story... Really I am!

Anyways, I'm sure you guys would rather read my story that hear my ramble on Hehe, soo here it is Part 15 (finally)

Pleaseeee Vote and Comment! (And if your on a phone and you can't comment, then go on a computer sign up and comment) hahaha But yah luv ya all thats for the support!

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 15

"What!? Oh my god, seriously? Derrek Harley invited you to his party...You know it's like a seniors only party and sometimes maybe one or two junior cheerleaders are allowed in but I've never, ever heard of any sophomores being invited!" Karis rambled on.

Once the lunch bell rang I met Karis and Brandon in the cafeteria, we found an empty table to sit at after getting our food. I told them about the little scene with Derrek and my Academy Award winning performance. Did they give out awards for not

barfing when touching a slimy guy I wondered? Karis went crazy and began rapidly firing questions. I didn't understand any of her questions because she went supersonic and only dogs could hear her. Sheesh! Brandon was completely uninterested and whipped out a "Transformers" comic book and ate his lunch. It takes a brave man to eat spaghetti without wearing a napkin in his shirt.

"Well, it doesn't really matter. I'm not going." I replied dryly as I took a fork full of spaghetti and shoved it in my mouth. I tried keeping my eyes on either my food, Karis or Brandon because anytime I looked around the cafeteria all I saw were eyes staring back at me. It had already been half a day and everyone was still acting the same way, which was either glaring or drooling.

"What!?" Karis yelled. If some people weren't staring at us before they definitely were now. She lowered her voice, "You have to go...I mean if you do everyone in school will be so jealous of you. You would be like a Goddess!"

"Yes Karis because I really need more attention." I said with sarcasm before looking over at Brandon for his opinion. Karis looked at him too, although he seemed so engrossed in his comic book he didn't even noticed until Karis punched him in the shoulder.

"Ouch-What was that for-" He look up at Karis and then to me. "Oh...Um, well it is a school night so-" I saw Karis sneakily pinch his arm. "Ouch! I mean...Yah Stasee, you should go."

I laughed, "Smooth Karis...Very smooth."

"Oh...You saw that...Tee-hee" She smiled her completely innocent but knowingly evil smile.

"Anyways, if I do go-I'm not going alone!" I finally gave in.

"Of course not! Me and Brandon will come with you!" Karis looked at Brandon and smiled.

"No!" Brandon said while looking at Karis and then looking back at me. "No I'm not." He looked over at Karis again. "You can't make me!"

~*~

"Yah but there is no reason why I have to go. I mean I'm sure you and Stasee will have so much fun there. You don't need me...you'll have all those senior football players to hang off of." I heard Brandon's faint voice arguing with Karis.

"Yes I do!" Karis stated. "Right Stasee?! We need Brandon with us! It just wouldn't be the same!" Her voice reached me loud and clear.

I opened the bathroom door and looked into my bedroom where Brandon was standing at the foot of my bed in front of Karis with his arms folded. Karis was sitting on my bed looking up at him with a teasingly cute smile plastered to her face, which instantly sent a jolt a jealousy through me. Even though both Karis and Brandon were completely oblivious to each other's feelings, the more we all hung out, the more I saw the hidden love between them. It was the kind of love I longed for, the kind where they needed no one in the world but themselves.

"No it wouldn't, you have to come Brandon...or I'm not going" I said jokingly, even though in my mind I was secretly hoping Brandon would back out and force Karis and I to stay home as well.

"Shush, both of you!" Karis jumped to her feet and playfully pushed Brandon. "You two are both going. We are all going to this party tonight whether you guys like it or not!"

"Since when did you turn into a big party animal?" Brandon questioned her.

"Since I realized all of our lives are completely boring, isolated and full of video games, comic books, novels and homework. It's time for us to have fun for once in our lives...thus we are going to this party tonight." As Karis spoke she had her hands on her hips trying desperately to sound tough and demanding; it was so cute!

"Speak for yourself." I said while rummaging through my closet praying to the fashion Gods I would find one dress that wasn't puffy, pink, or full of cartoon characters. "I don't live a boring life and even if I did, how would you know, you just met me."

"Actually Stasee, you just met me, I've known you my whole life." She stated matter of factly, "and secondly, you've lived sixteen years without any friends so I'm sorry but there is no way your life could have been at all eventful."

"Ugh...Thanks for reminding me what a huge loner I am." Suddenly a saw something black at the far end of my closet. A dress I hadn't seen or touched since my Mom gave it to me. Apparently it was the dress she had worn out to cock-tail parties. Once she grew out of it she handed it down to me though I never imagined I would ever wear it.

I felt someone's arms wrap around my shoulders as I stood there staring at the dress. "But you're not a loner anymore! You have me and Brandon...and...apparently Derrek too!" Karis said in my ear, I could hear Brandon in the background begin to laugh. Karis unwrapped her arms from around me as she turned to face Brandon. "What's so wrong about Derrek!?"

"What? You mean other than the fact that he looks like a giant on the nad juice?"

Brandon tested her, "Well let's see, he is a complete ass, he treats girls like shit, and he-"

"He sounds just like your brother, but you still love him." Karis fought back.

"Enough you guys!" I cut the argument short as I turned around to face them, the black dress in my arms. "Nothing is going on with me and Derrek, okay?"

"Ha-Ha." Brandon taunted as he pointed his finger at Karis and stuck out his tongue.

"Oh grow up Brandon!" Karis barked at him as she walked over to me, "what's that?" she asked as her eyes scanned the dress in my arms.

I looked down at the black dress, debating on whether or not I even wanted to show it to them. I knew if Karis saw it she would force me to wear it against my will, yet I did want to wear it...I think? I looked up at Karis to find her sticking her tongue out at Brandon with her right hand's index finger and thumb in an L shape, obviously standing for 'Loser'.

"Karis!" I said while laughing, "You tell Brandon to grow up and yet you're standing here doing the same thing."

Brandon started laughing next as Karis turned to face me with a surprised look on her face. "You weren't supposed to see me doing that." She admitted as a smile crept onto her face.

I looked down at my watch, 7:40pm. "Okay, are you guys ready? If we're going we should really get a move on."

"I'm not...I'll just stay here." Brandon said as he sat down on my bed. A large smile crossed his face, his perfect pearl white teeth shimmering underneath my bedroom light.

"You wish mister!" Karis said while running over to the bed and jumping up on it forcing Brandon to bounce up and down. "We're ready Stais, are you?"

I held up the little black dress, analyzing it one more time. "Almost...I just need to put this on."

~*~

We pulled up to Derrek's house in Brandon's black SUV and well, the house was packed. We could barely find a place to park in his overly large driveway, which actually resembled a parking lot. Derrek's house was huge, one of the biggest in all of McLennan, which is another reason for Derrek's overly conceited attitude. His father is the owner and CEO of a muli national corporation. His mother is a famous artist, winner of prestigious awards and whose work ranges starting from 10k in price.

The best way to describe Derrek's house would be that it's a mansion, which is saying a lot seeing as McLennan is more of a rich folk town. We all grew up with large houses, everything given to us and a lack of parental supervision. Though there are a few exceptions, like my family, my parents are away on business most of the time though they have strict rules. They at least make an effort to parent us when or if they ever find out we broke a rule.

"No parking, I guess we better just go." Brandon said interrupting my thoughts. He tried to sound

disappointed but I could hear the hope creeping in his voice.

"Yah there is! Right there, between the red Corvette and blue Mustang." Karis said excitingly pointing her finger eagerly at the empty spot. Both Brandon and I sighed in disappointment as he pulled into the parking spot and turned off the engine.

I could hear music blaring from Derrek's house as I looked over saw a bunch of seniors from school standing on his porch passing around a pretty large bottle and chugging it straight. Then on the steps were more teens passing around what looked like a bong. The most disturbing sight was one kid kneeling in the grass puking while his friend stood by laughing.

My gut was telling me this was a bad idea and my nerves began to act up. "I don't know Karis, maybe we should just leave. I don't think I want to wear this dress either so let's just go-"

"No" She cut me off, "Let's just go in there, have a couple drinks-loosen up a bit and in an hour if you guys still want to go...then we'll leave. Okay?"

"Fine." Brandon agreed.

"Alright..." I replied afterwards.

We all opened our doors slowly manoeuvring out of the vehicle while trying not to hit the cars on each side of the SUV. I turned around to see my reflection in the blue mustang's window. Instantly I was reminded of Trent's comment about me looking like I belonged in the play boy mags. I left my hair in its flowing waves though I added a little more to my make-up, changing it from casual to a more party going look.

Then there was my dress, it was a short skirted dress with a 'V' shaped halter that pushed my breasts together. The back of the dress had a low plunging backless style to it, which left my whole back bare. I wore black stiletto's that matched my dress perfectly and made my legs look longer. I will admit, the whole outfit was a little over the top revealing and maybe a touch skanky but at the same time it was sexy.

"You have to let me borrow that dress sometime, I love it!" Karis came from around the vehicle with Brandon following behind her.

Karis' outfit was a lot more...well, Karis-ie. Though her dress was shorter than mine and was completely strapless, the light pink color of it made her look cute rather than skanky. That was one thing I idolized Karis for; she could wear the most revealing clothes but still managed to make them look cute. I mean who does that? If I'd worn her get up I would have been arrested for indecent exposure!

"You can borrow it right now, I'm going home!" I turned around to try and get back into the SUV when Karis grabbed my hand and pulled me away.

"In your dreams Missy, let's go." She said while walking toward the house and pulling me behind her.

Brandon came to my side as we all walked across the huge parking lot styled driveway. "That's one thing you're going to have to get use to...Karis' stubbornness." Brandon spoke with amusement.

"Or I can just change my mind about becoming friends with you two and make a run for it." I joked.

"You wish!" Karis joined in.

"Yah, sorry Stasee but you're stuck with us now." Brandon added and I smiled.

Sixteen years I had never had one friend and in two days I made friends with probably two of the best people in McLennan. They weren't stuck up, they were fun, they didn't care so much what people thought and I could already tell they were the type of friends you could trust with your life.

~~~~~~

Authors Note: Part 16 will be up alot sooner =D
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Chapter - 16

Hellllllo!

So WOW eh? Last weekend...can you say Wattpad DRAMA! Good thing everything was sorted out though and I owe that to all my fans! Love. lub. lub YOU guys! XoX

Anyways, lets not talk about all that becuase well, its done and over with and I'd rather talk about something alot more up-beat. Like umm.. PART 16! woot woot.. I likey this part.. I do I do.

So You guys are probably getting anxious, you.. I guess I'll shut up now. Teehee. Love you guys lots.n.lots.

PLEASEE VOTE, and of course YOU HAVE to comment no Buts about it. (hehe I just said Butt!) ..Okay that was immature.. Lmao.

Okay well here it is.. Enjoy!

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 16

We began to ascend the stairs leading to Derrek's house when we were abruptly stopped by Candise. She stood on the top steps with Tiffany on one side of her and Sammy on the other. Candise had her arms crossed looking down at us with her annoying scrunched up face. She kind of reminded me of a ferret.

"And what do you looosers think you're doing here?" She asked us while Tiffany and Sammy mimicked her stuck-up facial expression.

"We're coming to the party Candise, so move." Karis jumped in before I could say anything.

"Ha! I don't think so. This is a senior's only kind of party."

"We were invited." Karis said mimicking their stuck-up tone.

"I don't care who invited you, you're not welcome here." Candise insisted.

"Derrek invited us and this is his house so get the hell out of the way Candise!" I finally jumped in as I took another step up. I was now standing face to face with Candise, staring at her with glaring eyes.

She looked at me with amusement, "Ohh look here girls, Shy-loner girl thinks she's tough." She laughed as Tiffany and Sammy joined in following anything Candise said like two obedient lap dogs. "Well, first of all little girl, Derrek would never be caught dead talking to a sophomore never mind inviting three of them to his party."

The front door opened as the noise from inside surrounded us, people's laughter, music, joyful yelling; all the sounds that indicated a teen party. We all looked over to the door and saw Derrek coming

out of the house. He was wearing the same clothes he had worn at school today. Blue jeans with a Pittsburgh Steelers hooded sweat shirt on and even though I would have drowned in that sweater it was tight against his overly large muscles. At this point everyone sitting on the porch was now watching us closely.

"Your right, Candise." Derrek said in his deeply low voice. "I didn't invite those three sophomores here." He paused for dramatic effect.

"I knew it-" Candise began before Derrek caught her off.

"I invited Stasee here. Why the short-stuff and nerd boy came is beyond me." Derrek said while eyeing both Karis and Brandon.

"Derrek!" Candise said with amusement. "You know 'nerd boy' is Damen's brother!"

Just hearing his name brought a sharp pain into my stomach. Anxiously I looked around hoping he would just appear out of nowhere. I knew it was a tad psychotic, I mean I was supposed to be trying to get

over him and yet he was the only thing I could think about. He was the only reason I even came to this party, wishing and hoping that maybe he would be here. Maybe I'd be able to at least see him if not anything else.

"I fucking don't care!" Derrek replied to Candise making her giggle.

"And you know we're standing right here!" Brandon announced angrily as both Candise and Derrek looked back down at Brandon with disgust. Seriously, those two were perfect for each other, both the most stuck-up, 'think they're the best' kids in McLennan.

"Whatever, we're leaving!" I said through gritted teeth. "Let's go guys."

"Wait!" Derrek called out. "You don't have to leave Stasee, I invited you!" He said it like it was a good thing, like I wanted to be there and would ditch my friends just to go to his 'party'.

God, the nerve of some people! I thought angrily.

I turned around to face him, "I'm sorry Derrek, but it's either all of us, or none of us."

He looked over at the seniors watching us and then at Candise who had the 'Yah-right-like-he'll-fall-for-that-one' look on her face. Derrek then looked back at me, "Fine, you guys can all come."

Candise's mouth dropped as she turned to look at Derrek, "But Derrrrekkkk..." She whined.

"Shut up Candise! Fuck you're annoying!"

I took one step toward the house before stopping and looking back up at Derrek. "And say you're sorry to my friends."

"What?!" He snapped back.

"Say you're sorry for calling Karis 'short stuff' and Brandon 'nerd boy', or to hell with it...We're leaving." I challenged him.

He rolled his eyes, "Fine." He looked at both of them and then muttered "I'msorryokay." Everyone around us gasped in surprise as they stared at Derrek. Though his words were all connected together making it hard to understand them properly I knew it was still a huge achievement to get Derrek to even remotely say it.

Candise stared at Derrek completely stunned before she threw her hands in the air and said, "Unbelievable!" She ran into the house, Tiffany and Sammy tagging along behind her.

"You know this is going to ruin my rep! " Derrek groaned.

"Well, I guess that's just a risk you're going to have to take." I smiled at him while waving Karis and Brandon to follow me. "Party time..." I said unenthusiastically.

"I'll show you guys around, follow me." Derrek said as he began to walk into the house. We all followed him as the door opened and once again we were drowned in the noise. "It's a pretty big house so try not to get lost!" Derrek yelled over the noise.

I knew it was pointless to try and respond to him, he would never hear me so I just nodded.

Derrek began to scream over the music again. "There are drinks in the kitchen, the bar downstairs, there's a keg in the dining room, some hard liquor in the cabinet in the first bedroom up the stairs. If you're

planning on getting lucky tonight my bedroom and my parents are off limits. They are probably the only doors locked and if I find anyone in them, they'll get shit-kicked! Girl or boy." He finally stopped yelling as he turned around and looked at us. "Any questions?!" We all shook our heads. "I'll grab us some drinks, what do you want?!"

"I'll just have a cooler, maybe?!" I yelled back.

"Me too!" Karis added.

Derrek looked at Brandon waiting for him to answer, "I'm the D.D." Brandon finally responded.

"Okay? So beer it is!" Derrek disappeared before Brandon could correct him.

I finally took the time to look around and well, everyone was wasted. As my eyes peered around us when I realized I wasn't just checking out the party but actually looking for someone in particular. Every time I saw a tall brown haired boy excitement rose inside me, although I was quickly disappointed because it never turned out to be him. I wanted to forget about him so badly because the constant

disappointment was becoming unbearable. I shook my head trying to get him out of my mind.

I tried to distract myself by concentrating on something else. At the top of the stairs I saw a couple boys putting a mattress down and looked about ready to ride it down the stairs; both boys had a bottle of hard liquor in their hands. At the bottom of the stairs was a group of teens (boys and girls) cheering and encouraging them. In the corner of the foyer was a chair that was occupied by a half naked girl giving some guy a horrible lap dance, her rhythm was completely off from the music and to any sober person she looked foolish and a tad pathetic.

I could slightly see into the dining room where a game of "Strip Poker" was being played. I turned to Karis and Brandon waving them closer to me so I didn't have to yell, "Is it just me or is this party a little..."

"X-rated?" Brandon finished the sentence for me.

"No, this is how parties normally are...aren't they?" Karis questioned. "I mean I see it in the movies all the time!"

I shook my head trying to keep my eyes averted from all the half naked girls, "Yah, that's just it Karis, you see it in movies! I don't think normal teen parties are actually this bad."

"Yah, but Stasee, this is McLennan. 90% of the girls here are sluts!"

Brandon nodded, "Karis does have a point."

"Well...It's still disgusting." They both nodded in agreement though it kind of looked like Brandon was enjoying the 'view'.

My head snapped up when I felt someone grab my ass as I quickly turned around to face a drunken guy. He was another senior, not the most popular of the guys but he was still a football player. He was a little chubby with reddish burnt coloured hair, freckles and these piercing green eyes. His eyes were so red and bleary from the vast quantities of alcohol he consumed.

"Excuse me!" I said pushing his hand away from me.

"Awwww, com' on sex...E " The boy slurred.

"I think there's a game of strip poker in the dining room. Umm,why don't you go join them."

"Nahhh!" He yelled before stumbling over and falling to the ground. The beer that was once in his hand smashed against the foyer floor. I could hear Karis and Brandon laughing behind me as I ignored them and tried to offer him my hand.

"Here, I'll help you up." I insisted.

"Orrr!" He yelled arrogantly again, "I'll -hicup- helps you'p downn!" He then grabbed my hand before I had a chance to respond and pulled me to the ground as I fell on top of him. Karis and Brandon's laughter roared out of control as the boy's arms wrapped around my body and squeezed me tightly against him as I struggled hard to get out of his grasp.

"Liam!" Derrek's voice echoed through the foyer as he marched toward us with his arms full of drinks. "What do you think you're doing with Stasee, let her go dude, she's mine!"

I'm his? I thought to myself, I'm definitely not 'his' nor am I anyone's, I'm a person not an object. I was

going to start yelling at Derrek for saying that. When Liam quickly let go of me and crawled away mumbling apologies to Derrek, I decided to let it slide.

"No thank you?" Derrek said as he grabbed me by my waist and pulled me up to my feet.

"I'll think about," I replied before turning to Karis and Brandon. "Thanks by the way! My two best friends stand by and laugh at me as I get molested by Liam. I have to wait for the stuck-up asshole to come along and save me!"

Derrek chuckled, "Hey, I'm standing right here."

Brandon butted in, "Yah isn't it fun to be shit talked right in front of your face?"

"Whatever Dude, I'm wasted. I honestly don't give a shit." Derrek then handed me a red coloured cooler, then handed Karis the same kind and passed Brandon a beer.

"You're cocky like your brother, huh?" Brandon shrugged.

"Anyways..." Derrek started talking again. That's when I realized the music had calmed down a bit - we were actually able to talk without screaming at each other.

"I'm stealing Stasee for a bit, you two go enjoy yourself. Look around, get naked. I really don't fucking care."

I looked at Derrek like he was nutty, "Umm, don't I get a say on whether or not I want to come with you?"

Derrek then looked down at me as if debating, then finally he replied with one word "No." He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and pretty much dragged me along with him. We went through the dining room in which I really wish we hadn't almost everyone sitting around the table had next to nothing on except one guy you looked rather proud of himself. He must have been winning most the games because the only thing he wasn't wearing was his sweater whilst everyone else had piles of clothes beside them.

"Derrek, dude you got to get in on this!" The fully clothed boy called out. Derrek merely waved his hand dismissively to him as he brought me through a doorway that led to the kitchen. The kitchen was huge! It looked like it belonged in a restaurant rather than a home. All the appliances were made of stainless steel that matched perfectly to the black marble counter tops.

"Did you want another drink?" Derrek asked me as he walked up to one of the two fridges and opened it. The fridge was full of alcoholic beverages from top to bottom and nothing else.

I was going to say no when I looked down and realized my cooler had less than a sip left in it, so instead I said "Sure, same thing." He grabbed another red cooler from the fridge twisted off the cap before passing it to me. "So what, you guys don't eat around here?"

Derrek sneered, "Obviously we do." He replied snobby, "the food is in there." He pointed to the other fridge as he rolled his eyes at me.

"Stasee?!" A voice I recognized all too well pierced my ears as I turned around to be face to face with...my brother!

"Oh...Uh, hey Trent." I said nervously as I began to take giant nervous swigs from my cooler.

"What the hell do you think you're doing here?!" He yelled at me.

"Trent, calm down. She's with me."

Trent turned to look at Derrek with wide eyes, I could see the anger boiling up inside him as his hands began to clench.

"Trent, stop it!" I yelled out, "I'm sixteen years old!"

"Exactly Stasee, you're only sixteen years old! No sixteen year olds come to this party never mind my little sister!" He growled as I chugged the last bit of the drink down. "And what's that in your hand?!"

"It's nothing!"

"You're drinking?!" He ignored me.

"So what you drink all the time!"

"I'm eighteen."

"Yah and you drank when you were sixteen, too!"

"This is not like you Stasee, what has gotten into you!?" He demanded.

"Nothing has gotten into me, just leave me alone!" I yelled at him as loud as I could, I knew everyone was now staring at us. My cheeks began to redden with both anger and embarrassment as I ran out of the kitchen. I didn't know where I was going but I continued to run knocking already tipsy people to the floor as I passed.

I finally made it to a set of sliding glass doors as I opened them up and ran onto Derrek's lawn. I was guessing it was his back yard because I didn't recognize it from earlier. I continued to run down through the grass until I couldn't go any longer. I fell to my knees as tears began to burst out of my eyes - I felt so embarrassment and so angry at my brother. I was already depressed about everything going on between me and Damen. All my emotions exploded at that moment as I sat kneeling in the grass bawling my eyes out.

"Stasee...are you okay?"

Chapter - 17

Just a quick FYI before you read... The video on the side is once again my bestfriend Nikki Saint. Please check it out!!! It's her own orginal song and its really good and fits into the story!! :)

OMGGG!!!! AHHHH

Did you guys seee!! Over 1000 Fans! o_O Honestly, My eyes are bulged out of my head right now. Thats CRAZYYY! (Now if only all 1000 of my fans commented and voted!) Lmfao!!

But always I'm not going to ramble on forever this time but...Well. I'm OVERLY, OVERLY exicted about

this Chapter. You guys HAVE to vote and Comment! like Have too! :P hahah (But I guess I can't force you.)

Before you guys go on to read this, I'd like to say one thing.

Anyone who likes fantasy stories. YOU HAVE TO CHECK OUT IMMORTAL DESTINY!!. Honestly, its here on Wattpadd, go search it after you read this chapter of course.

Heres the link to the authors profile:

http://www.wattpad.com/user/paige569

Awsome, Awsome Story!!

Anyways...

Thank you ALLL for the support. I'm glad you all like my story, really thank you!

Soo here it is.. Chapter 17 (LOVE this chapter personally)

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 17

The sound of his voice instantly stopped the tears from forming in my eyes, any thoughts that were once circulating through my mind had vanished. The moment I looked up and peered into his warm brown eyes the world around me disappeared. Even with his right eye completely bruised black he was still gorgeous. I barely even acknowledged the sudden rapid thumping in my chest.

I roamed my eyes over every inch of his perfectly sculpted body. I had been waiting, wishing to see him all night but it wasn't until that exact moment did I realize how much I needed him, how much I craved to be securely wrapped in his masculine embrace. It felt like my head was getting light as if maybe I was going to pass out, that's when I realized I had been holding my breath - I let it go.

I watched Damen as he knelt down beside me. His arm reached out as he cupped my face in his hand. The second his skin touched mine, my whole body exploded with goose bumps as a shiver ran down my spine. Using his thumb he gently wiped away the left

over tears from my cheek as I reached up and pressed my hand against his.

His other arm snaked around my neck and at first he hesitated for a brief moment before pulling me closer. I could feel his warm breath against my lips and it smelt of sweet strawberries with a hint of spearmint. The alcohol that was now circulating through my veins dismissed any past anger I had toward him because at that moment all I wanted was to press my lips against his and taste that sweet intoxicating smell that was radiating inside my brain and attacking my senses.

I removed my hand from his as I coiled it underneath his arm and grasped on to his back before pulling him closer to me. Our lips were now so close I could feel his lightly brush against mine which instantly forced my lips to begin to tingle. My body began to heat up with anticipation - it felt like hours before our lips finally met although it was merely seconds. It started with light butterfly kisses, our mouths moved in sync with each other.

Time seemed to stop as the world around me had been forgotten. It was just me and Damen at that moment and that was all I cared about. The house could have been on fire and I would barely have even acknowledged it. The sounds of cars driving and party-goers laughing, drunken yelling and boats honking and all other sounds that normally filled the night air of McLennan had all disappeared from existence.

The only sound that seemed to reach my ears were our individual heartbeats pounding against our chests and our heavy breathing as the kiss began to deepen. As Damen pressed his lips harder against mine, pleasure exploded inside me. The tingles that had begun in my lips expanded throughout my entire body. The last couple days I had built up so much resentment toward Damen and self-loathing for being so weak. Not once though could I deny myself what I truly wanted, which was this.

I hated Damen after everything he had done to me and deep down there was an unreleased anger toward him but no matter how much I tried to

unleash it there was something else fighting against the anger, something stronger. It was something I vaguely recognized from movies I'd watched and books I've read except it was a feeling I was completely new to. There was no other explanation as I just then realized I had truly fallen completely in love with Damen.

Damen's hand began drawing light circles on the back of my neck which automatically made me shutter with sheer pleasure. My arm joined my other one around his waist as I pulled him harder against me leaving no space between us. We fit together perfectly, like we were specifically made to fit into each other's arms.

Even though, I could still hear a faint voice in the depths of my mind, yelling at me to pull away. That this was not safe and I was only setting myself up for more pain, more hurt and more misery. Nice self-talk going on inside my head, I had to ignore the senile bitch and go with the pleasure principle instead!

Damen pulled away for only an instant and yet that instant felt to me like an eternity. He lowered his

head as he began nibbling on my ear sending me into pure ecstasy. The pleasurable tickling he was doing on my ear over powered the voice in my head and silenced her. Stupid cow she's getting in the way of my happiness! I could feel my hands clenching onto his back and could faintly hear my moans of pleasure though my mind had become nothing more than a cloudy haze as I sat knelt in the grass enjoying every electrifying touch from Damen.

"Wait..." Damen pulled away breathing heavily, "We need to talk first..."

"Hmmm?" I sat there in a daze barely even realizing he was talking. I didn't want to talk but instead wanted to just feel his body heat against mine and I didn't want the addictive feel good sensations to stop.

"Stasee," He whispered as his breathing was beginning to even out. He hesitated, debating on whether or not to finish his thought. I really didn't care - I just wished he would stop talking so we could get back to what we were doing. "I need to know, what has gotten into you today? I need to know if this is a permanent thing."

"What do you mean?" I spoke softly. I was still too distracted by wanting him and his pleasurable heat.

"The new clothes? New attitude? Flirting with Derrek and coming to this party?" His eyes were full of disappointment, "This isn't you Stasee, you're not like these people, you're better than this, than them."

The absence of his touch cleared my head as the dreamy haze disappeared and I was finally able to make sense of what he was saying. I can't exactly explain why but his accusation of actually 'knowing me' made me angry as my eyes changed from loving to furious in an instant. I know I might have been overreacting but the fact that both Damen and Trent continued to act as if me coming to this 'party' was like God hanging out in Hell was infuriating! I was a teenager like everyone else and even though most of my sixteen years were completely isolated, I no longer wanted it to be like that. I wanted to be like a normal teenage girl!

I quickly stood to my feet which released me from Damen's embrace, leaving me feeling alone and incomplete. Every part of my body ached and craved

for his touch but somehow I managed to hold myself together and keep my composure.

"This..." I waved my hands up and down my body, "isn't me? How would you know what is or isn't me, Damen? You barely even know me!"

"Barely even know you?!" Damen asked in disbelief. "We sat on the cliff for eight hours Stasee and did nothing but talk. If anything I know you better than anyone else."

I couldn't deny the fact that he was completely right, which only made me that much angrier. A guy I knew for barely even a week knew more about me than my own parents did. We hung out for one night and I had trusted him with my whole life story. He betrayed me the next morning and as I stood there looking down at him knelt in the grass those feelings of betrayal from that afternoon came rushing back.

"I don't care!" I yelled immaturely, "Just leave me alone, Damen!"

Damen got up to his feet as he tried to reach out to me, instantly I backed away from him knowing the

second he touched me all would be forgotten. "Stasee, what can I do to prove to you I won't ever hurt you again? I'm begging for your forgiveness."

His voice was full of sincerity as he looked down at me with his soft brown eyes that were lightly shimmering with unshed tears. I could see the wetness that glazed over his eyes except the tears never seemed to fall as he tried to keep himself together. My heart began to shatter into pieces as I watched Damen beg me - I had never seen him look so exposed and vulnerable.

I had to look away.

"I'm sorry Damen but I just can't trust you." The words that left my lips seemed to break my heart more than anything I could ever imagine.

I turned around and began running back toward the house leaving my heart and soul behind with Damen. Only minutes ago I was running away from the house, now all I wanted was to be back inside where I could drown my misery away. I could feel Damen's eyes on my back as I opened the glass door but I never looked back.

I made my way to the kitchen while having to maneuver over many passed-out bodies on my way through the living room. The party had calmed down a bit but I could still hear people in the dining room and there was a lot of noise upstairs. The living room was full of passed out bodies of people while the kitchen was completely empty.

I walked into the kitchen and without hesitation headed straight for the fridge full of alcohol. Okay, so "Full" was a bit of an exaggeration I thought as I opened the door up, there was barely anything left. I scanned every inch of the shelves while thinking...Beer, eww no. Wine, not happening. More beer...more wine, vodka? Eww someone back washed in it.

I was about to just give up when my eyes finally fell on one last bottle in the bottom of the fridge. The bottle was clear with a yellowy liquid inside; the label had a picture of an eagle, the words across read "Tequila - Tres Sombreros".

I'll honestly admit I had no idea what it was but the word Tequila sounded kind of pretty so I decided to

give it a try. I pulled the bottle out of the fridge and kicked the door shut with the side of my foot. I walked over to the marble counter and hopped up on top of it. I twisted the cap off as a strong smell soared out of the bottle forcing me to cough.

I tried to ignore the smell as I held my head up and brought the bottle up to my lips before tilting it back. The liquid poured out of the bottle and into my mouth, the whole way down my throat it burned like someone had set the inside of me on fire. I continued to swallow it down anyways, it burned but the pain was nothing compare to the emotional agony and distress I wanted to numb.

"Whoa, holy shit!"

Suddenly the half empty bottle was being ripped out of my hands as I began fiercely coughing, which soon turned into gagging. I could feel my stomach rumbling fighting hard against the alcohol inside my stomach. I kept trying to swallow my spit forcing everything to stay down. It took a couple seconds but soon enough my stomach began to settle as I looked up to see Derrek staring at me wide-eyed.

"What?" I snapped.

"You were just chugging that fucking Tequila like it was water!"

"Whatever, what's the big deal."

"It's fucking Tequila, are you trying to get alcohol poisoning."

"Whaz' it to you!?" My voice began to change, oddly enough I was almost slurring.

"Well, if you die in my house from drinking my booze I'd probably get into a lot of shit." He said smugly before looking at me with a devilish grin on his face.

"Well...Sorr-ray!" I blurted out unintentionally. The alcohol had begun circulating through my body and I began feeling more empowered and confident. I attempted to hop off the counter not realizing how uncoordinated I was as I stumbled over, bumped into Derrek and then fell flat on my butt.

"Smooth move." Derrek took a small swig from the Tequila bottle.

I reached my arms up towards him, "Well, mister-mister, aren't ya' gonna' help me up!" Even as drunk as I was I knew how slurred and unattractive my words were and yet I couldn't stop myself.

Derrek rolled his eyes at me before bending down, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me up with little effort. "I had to pick you up twice in one night. I think I deserve a reward." He joked.

Apparently "my drunken" self couldn't tell the difference between a joke and a statement as I said mockingly, "Oh, my Hero. How oh, how will I ever repay you!"

Regretfully I wrapped my arms around his head and pulled him toward me as our lips connected. It was awful, I'm not saying he was a horrible kisser or anything but there was no spark, no tingles, there was nothing but the taste of cigars and beer which instantly triggered the wrong button in my stomach. My stomach began to rumble fiercely as my throat began to open up readying itself.

I pushed Derrek hard in the chest as he stumbled back and fell to the floor. My hand instantly cupped

onto my mouth as I made a quick run for it without looking back. I ran through the dining room, then the foyer and up the stairs. I finally found a bathroom inside one of the bedrooms. The second I made it to the toilet and removed my hand from my mouth all of today's supper along with the alcohol spewed from my mouth.

I stayed in the bathroom for what seemed like forever vomiting until there was nothing left. When I was finally done I got up off the floor and wiped my mouth off immediately regretting not bringing my tooth brush. I shut the bathroom light off and walked back into the bedroom, which was now pitch black. I didn't remember the light being off before, but then again I had more important things on my mind.

The door was open a sliver where I could see the light from the hallway, I tried to use it as a guideline to get out of the bedroom. I was halfway across the room when the door suddenly slammed shut, which triggered me to jump in fear. The sound of the door locking increased my heart rate and I could feel my blood rushing in my ears.

"Hello?!" I called out, "Who's there?!"

Chapter - 18

WOW!! 260 votes in 15 hours!! GREAT JOB EVERYONE! Honestly that was awsome!

LOVE LOVE LOVE you guys! Thank you all sooo much!

And looky here, I think this is my first time post two chapter within 24 hours! *Pads myself on the back*

Best part is, I have SOOOO much other stuff I should have been doing but I decided to write instead. Bawhahah! See thats how much I love you guys, I choice to ignore my other responsibilities so you guys dont have to wait to long!

Okay... Now.. Here's part 18... I'll have part 19 up sometime this weekend!

PLEASE vote and Comment!

XoxoX

Krissy

***

Chapter 18

I stood frozen on the spot as fear stirred up inside me. Even the curtains against the window were dark and heavy blocking out the night's sky. Again I spoke into the silence, "Is anyone there...?" I stuttered out of fear but there was no response.

I was about to take a step forward when I heard the floor board creek which automatically made my eyes begin to water. My heart was pounding hard against my chest. I was so scared I wanted to burst into tears. I already had a fear of the dark and being in here in the darkness with some unknown person had me shaking and hyperventilating.

"Who's there?" I cried out again - silence.

I didn't know what to do as my body stood paralyzed in one spot, so I decided to try screaming for help. The second I was about to open my mouth a cold hand clamped over it preventing any sound from escaping my lips. I panicked and tried to scream but it was muffled against the unknown hand. The hand was too big to be a girl's so I knew it had to be a guy's.

Swiftly I turned around and was about to start hitting him, but he completely overpowered me. He pushed me hard in the shoulder as I went flying across the room and my head smashed against something hard as I felt warm liquid begin to cover my head. Dizzily, I reach up and touched the thick liquid oozing out of my head and instantly I knew it was blood.

I began to scream at the top of my lungs. I felt his hands wrap around my ankles as he pulled me down towards him. "Shut up!" He hissed.

I tried to put a face to the voice but I was too panicked to focus. Rivers of tears were now flowing down my cheeks as I squirmed to get away but his hold on me was too strong. I could feel my strength

fading and my body began to shake with pure terror as I realized I couldn't escape.

"What's wrong Stasee? You can go around kissing everyone tonight but me?!" He gritted through his teeth. "I saw you with Damen on the lawn and then Derrek in the kitchen. What about me, don't I get one!"

He locked my feet down with his legs as he began crawling on top of me. I tried to punch him but he blocked it by grabbing both my arms and pinning them against the floor. I screamed out in pain as my wrists were smashed with force between the floor and his hands. My head was still pounding and I could feel the blood dripping down my neck and soaking my back.

"Please..." I cried out, "J-just let me go...I'm so-sorry! I'll give you a-a kiss if that's what you want..." I stuttered through my sobs. My breathing was erratic I kept gasping but felt like I couldn't get enough air into my lungs.

A malicious chuckle came from him as he began forcing his legs between mine. "No, I want more than a kiss."

I tried to keep my legs together, but he was too strong and heavy. I screamed out again, wondering where the hell everyone was. This was supposed to be a party surely people had to of heard my screams, why wasn't anyone coming? I felt so alone and scared and vulnerable.

"You had better shut up!" He threatened me. I could tell he was growing impatient because his voice was growing angrier. He was sweating and his breathing had quickened but I could tell he was also becoming excited.

He pushed both my hands together and held them above my head with his right hand. Even both my hands were no match against his one as I tried pulling them away unsuccessfully. He spread my legs open when I tried to kick him away but he barely even flinched. He was big and I'm not talking about muscles, his round body barely fit between my legs making it almost impossible to move them.

With his free hand he ripped the strap off my dress exposing my naked chest to him. Immediately I wished I had never worn this, I wished I had never changed my look to try and make Damen jealous! My loud sobs were now mixed in with hiccups as I began to give up and let my body go limp.

Suddenly his hand was at my throat blocking my airway, squeezing and pushing me down against the floor using his weight to exert more force. "Stop fucking crying!" He growled as his grip got tighter and tighter. I tried gasping for air but nothing came as my body began to shake from lack of oxygen. I felt light headed and thought I was going to black out. Stay awake I told myself, don't black out! I found the energy and the will to struggle against his death grip. I turned my head from side to side and bucked my whole body bracing myself with my feet on the floor. He grinned and laughed as he said "That's it Stasee, struggle it'll make it feel better for me!" He moved in to kiss me and I could into his eyes, which were glassy and cold. I could smell his sour breath. I felt nauseous as my stomach began churning. I turned

my head and he kissed and licked the side of my neck.

He finally let go of my throat and moved his hand move downward as I breathed in sharply, gasping in deep gulps of air. His hand ran over my breasts squeezing roughly and pinching my nipples making me moan in pain. He put his mouth on my breast and encircled the nipple before biting down. I could feel his breath on my skin making it crawl. He paused to look at me to see the terror in my eyes. Then his hand began moving its way down between my breasts and inside the top half of my torn dress triggering an alarm inside me.

"Please!" I begged.

"I said shut the fuck up!" Suddenly the black of his hand slapped hard against my face as my cries grew louder.

The sound of something smashing against the other side of the door made us turn our heads toward the noise. He froze, his eyes wide for a brief moment, and that was all I needed to push him as hard as I

could. He didn't move very far but it gave me the chance to wriggle free and try to get up.

"Open it dude!" I heard Damen yell on the other side of the door.

"Fuck, I'm trying to find the key!" Derrek yelled back.

"Damen!" I screamed as I jumped to my feet and attempted to run for the door. The guy got to me first as he clamped his hand onto my arm and threw me hard against the floor. I screamed out in agony.

I heard another smash on the door.

"If you fucking break that you're paying for it!" Derrek yelled.

"Shut up!" Damen yelled back as he smashed against the door again.

Suddenly, I was grabbed by my hair and dragged across the floor toward the closet. I didn't want to scream anymore because I knew it would drive Damen mad but I couldn't help it. My loud excruciating screams echoed throughout the house. I felt like he was ripping my scalp off my head.

I tried to see what he was doing when I heard him open up the closet door but at the same time I heard the deadbolt click unlocked as the door swung open. Damen rushed into the bedroom with Derrek slowly tagging behind.

I finally looked up at the boy and saw his red hair, freckled face and his chunky body. It was Liam.

"You fucking bastard!" Damen shouted. It was the first time I had ever heard Damen swear. He ran toward Liam and punched him in the face before Liam even had a chance to react.

Liam smashed against the wall behind him as he slid to the floor with a big thud. He looked up at Damen as blood began to gush out of his nose. "You know your little angel was fooling around with Derrek not even ten minutes ago." Liam stated with pure malice.

A look of hurt flashed across Damen's face as instant regret wash over me. I had never felt so dishonest and unworthy in my life. I wished I could just curl up into a little ball and disappear forever. Damen's face quickly changed to anger as he kicked Liam hard in the ribs making Liam scream out in pain.

"Fuck you Liam, you don't know shit!" Derrek finally spoke up as he pushed Damen out of the way. He grabbed Liam by his shirt and pulled him up with little effort, "I told you to stay away from Stasee!" It was Derrek's turn to punch Liam but this time as Liam fell to the ground he was completely knocked out.

I was sitting there looking down at Liam's unconscious body while my own body was shaking uncontrollably. I felt Damen's arms wrap around me as I rested my head in his chest, tears streaming down my face.

"What are we going to do with him?" Damen questioned Derrek.

"What can we do?"

"Well, she can charge him...Can't she?"

"Ha! Not likely, Liam's dad is one of McLennan's most respected Judges and his mom is that fucking sexy and sweet nurse at the hospital." Derrek said as he analyzed Liam's body. "Who do you think they're

going to believe? Liam - the son of two extremely respected adults or Stasee - the weird loner girl?"

"What did you just say?" Damen snapped defensively.

"Whoa, calm down dude. I like Stasee, she's cool shit but that is how people are going to look at it."

Derrek was right, if people had to choose to believe Liam or I at least ninety percent would believe him. I was starting to not even care as I sat there in Damen's arms. All I wanted was to get out of here before Liam woke up. My head was still pounding and my face and neck were burning from the assault.

"What about Stasee's parents, they're hard working adults." Damen continued.

"Stasee's parents are like ours, business workers. They're never around here so no one knows them enough to respect them. Our parents might as well be phantoms."

Derrek had another valid point. I reached up and tugged on the top of Damen's shirt. He looked down at me with loving eyes as his arms lightly tightened around me. "Can't we go...?" I whispered to him.

"Of course we can." Damen picked me up as he pulled me to my feet, holding me in a bridal stance while tying my dress back together. He turned to Derrek before we left the room, "Oh, when Liam wakes up...tell him he had better watch his back!" and carried me out of the room.

Once Damen placed me in his truck my eyelids began to shut as sleep and exhaustion had taken over. All the alcohol I drank along with almost being raped left me completely drained. The soothing sounds of "The Spill Canvas" playing out of Damen's truck's speakers soothed me to sleep.

~*~

My eyes fluttered open as I felt myself being placed down on a soft bed. I looked around and realized I was in my bedroom as a small smile appeared on my face. "Thanks for everything." I whispered.

Damen smirked wolfishly as he bent down and pressed his lips against my forehead shooting my favourite tingles throughout my body. He turned around and began to head for my bedroom door.

"Damen?" He looked back at me, "Can you stay with me tonight?"

Sadness washed over his face, "My parents are supposed to be coming in sometime tonight, I kind of have to be home." I felt my lips purse into a frown. "But I can stay until you fall asleep..."

"I'd love that." I whispered back.

He walked over to me and lifted up the blanket before crawling into my bed. I felt his arms coil around me as I lay securely wrapped up in his embrace. I turned to face him as I rested my head on his chest. My stomach was fluttering happily as I listened to his heart beat fast in his chest. Sleep then took over.

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Authors Note: I know it's not AS long, but thats okay. Part 19 will be up by this weekend up hoping. Please Vote and Comment! XoX
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Chapter - 19

Hey everyone. I know it's been ALONG time since I've posted. and I'm sorry.

Most of you guys heard about my little writers block the Losing a whole chapter. But yah Heres chapter 19. It's really short but thats just because I didn't want you guys to wait much longer. I will be posting Chapter 20 soon honestly. I'm on a roll right now. I'll be writing more tonight, but for now I decided to give you guys atleast a little bit to hold you over for another day! ;)

Please comment.. and VOTE!!

This chapter isn't overly intense but dont worry.. Next chapter will be!

thank you for your patients everyone!! Lots.n.lots of love!

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 19

"I don't care whether you guys kicked his ass or not, she's my little sister so this problem is mine to deal with!"

I woke up to the sound of my brother yelling from his bedroom into what I'm guessing was a phone seeing as I couldn't hear anyone reply. I squinted my eyes against the bright morning light shining through my bedroom window. My head instantly began to pound hard as my stomach rumbled angrily inside me. My mouth was dry as I ached for some water to drink, I felt drowsy and nauseated.

This must be what a hangover feels like, I thought to myself as I pulled the blanket off me and tossed it to the ground.

"Where is he?!" Trent's loud voice reached my ears, "Is he at your house? He is, isn't he! I'm coming over."

I looked around my empty bedroom trying hard to ignore my brother's hollering that was only adding to the excruciating pain my head was causing me.

"No? No! What do you mean no?!" Trent continued to scream as his voice echoed through the whole house.

I didn't know exactly who my brother was talking to but I definitely knew what they were talking about. The memory of last night began to replay in my head like a terrifying horror movie. It was all just a drunken blur as if I was watching a movie on a video projector with multiple clips missing. I was just beginning to crawl out of bed when I saw a small note left on my bedside table. I picked it up and began to read.

Stasee,

I'm sorry I had to leave. I really wish I could have stayed with you... but I did wait until you were safely sleeping. I will be with my parents all morning but I plan to head to school at around lunch time. I'm not sure if you are even planning on going to school or not, but I just thought I'd let you know. I dressed you up in some bedtime wear last night, your dress was...well...ripped. I took the dress with me, I'm going to get my Mom's tailor to fix it up for you.

If I don't see you at lunch I'll check up on you after school.

I hope you're alright...

Damen

I looked down at myself and saw that I was wearing blue and red striped pyjama pants with a green t-shirt with black pot a dots on it. Out of all the clothes Damen could have put on me, out of all the matching clothes he had decided to go with the most clashiest outfit I had ever seen. Instantly a small smile of amusement appeared on my face as I rolled my eyes and shook my head.

"Fine! Fuck you Derrek, don't even bother trying to talk to me, you backstabbing prick!"

I turned my head in the direction of Trent's room my eyes widening in shock. I knew he was just trying to protect me and that the horrible news of last night's events had obviously pushed him over the edge but honestly I wished the yelling would just stop. I wanted to get the memory of last night out of my head though it seemed nearly impossible with him constantly yelling about it.

"I am not being immature!"

I dragged myself out of bed and began to head towards my mirror, fearing what I see in the mirror would echo how I was feeling. At first I stood there with my eyes closed, taking slow deep breaths trying hard to gain enough courage to just open them up and look at my reflection.

"Derrek...I told you not to invite her to the party, and what did you do? You invited her anyways!"

I peeled my eyes open as I began to adjust to the sight in front of me. My hair was a scrambled mess on top

my head as dried up blood matted my hair together in dark clumps. I reached up to feel the slight gash on top the goose egg, which had emerged out of my head. An instant replay of being tossed to the ground and smashing my head made me to tremble. My left cheek was swollen and discoloured as the memory of Liam smacking me across the face flashed through my mind. I could see the skin on my neck darkened into the shape of his chubby little hand as the feeling of not being able to breathe came back to me.

"You're sorry?! That's it? Okay where is he, Derrek? Where is Liam?!....Fine! I'll find him myself, you good for nothing piece of shit!"

The sound of something smashing against the wall in my brothers room instantly reminded me of Damen smashing against the door urgently trying to get in as I was being dragged across the room by my hair. In that exact second the tears began to gush out as I fell to the floor. All of last night's flashback memories were becoming too much to bear and my body marked with reminders of the events that occurred.

The past sixteen years of my life have been boring and completely safe and predictable. No real happiness or sadness, it was merely a life of neutral nothingness. I barely remember ever actually crying although the past week it seemed that's all I had been doing. I never thought when the time finally came that I made friends that I would want everything to go back to the way it was. But I did - I missed the non-dramatic, overly boring life I lived only a mere week ago.

I laid on my bedroom floor my hands covering my face crying from my very soul. My cries grew louder and louder as every second passed. I felt broken.

Suddenly my bedroom door flung open as I turned to look at my brother standing in the door way. In his hand he held the handset of his telephone, the cord hanging loosely from where it had been pulled out of the base. At first I continued to cry though as my eyes settled on Trent longer, I couldn't help but cough out a laugh.

He looked down at me with such a worried expression, as if there were something wrong with

me and yet he was the one standing there with a broken phone in his hand and a red hot face. In some twisted way it amused me that he and I were such a train wreck. My brother was usually so in control of his emotions, calm and steady able to cope with practically anything. I just had no reasons to feel any emotions before. Ever since I decided to break out of my shell of loneliness and join the real world I have turned Trent into an overly protective brother, while I seemed to be nothing more than bipolar and depressed.

"Are you okay?" Trent whispered as he walked into my room. I nodded my head trying to swallow the large lump in my throat. "I'm going to kill him, Stasee." His voice was full of animosity.

"No...Trent, just leave it be...please." I pleaded as I began to get to my feet.

"But look at you; he can't just get away with that!"

"But that's the thing Trent, he can." I walked over to my closet trying to ignore him. "Just drop it okay."

"But Stasee-"

"Trent, please!"

He finally gave up but not without storming out of my bedroom angrily and slamming the door shut behind him. I sighed heavily before going to my bathroom and jumping into the shower attempting to once again forget all of last night's events.

I decided to wear something a little more casual today, not the little kid-baggy outfits I used to wear but neither was it anything like my yesterdays outfit. I choose a nice pair of blue jeans with a perfectly fitted yellow t-shirt. There was no extra skin showing but the outfit did outline all my curves giving me a more natural beauty rather than a forced one. My hair was pulled back into a messy pony tail with strands of hair falling out and I decided to boycott makeup wanting to embrace a more natural look.

I looked in the mirror as a smile appeared on my face. Ignoring the fact that my cheek and neck were bruised I actually looked good. It was a more in-between look and evidently I liked it. I wasn't overly trying but I definitely was trying a little more than I used to - giving me a more matured natural beauty.

The sound of a vehicle peeling out of my driveway forced me to run to the spare bedroom across the hall to look out the window. I saw my brother's Chevy zooming down the street as my heart began to accelerate. I knew where he was going and I knew it couldn't be good.

I ran back to my room and grabbed my phone quickly dialing Trent's cell phone number. It rang and continued to ring unanswered finally going to voice mail.

Thinking quickly I looked through our caller display to find Derrek's number. I knew that's where Trent would be heading.

"I thought you never wanted to talk to me again." Derrek's voice answered the phone sounding amused.

"I think Trent's going to kill Liam!" I almost yelled into the phone.

"Stasee?"

It was at that moment that I realized that I didn't blame Liam for what he did to me, I blamed myself.

If I hadn't decided to change my appearance and try to look like Candise and the Crew then maybe Liam wouldn't have forced himself on me. I had got so caught up with trying to pay Damen back that I had stooped so low as to dress up like a slut.

The girls in McLennan that dress the way I did yesterday are the type to give themselves freely to any guy. Liam was far past drunk last night and though what he did was wrong, I still blamed myself for it. He did deserve to be beaten up for hitting me but honestly I did not wish death upon him.

"Did you hear me?!" I said panicked, "Trent is going to your house to kill Liam!"

Derrek laughed into the phone which made me realize why Trent threw his phone against the wall.

"This is serious!" I yelled angrily.

"Calm down ya' grouch. No one's at my house right now, I'm on my way to school and Liam has gone on a much needed vacation."

"What?!" I asked confused.

"Well, when Liam woke up this morning and realized what he did, he decided to go visit with his aunt in California until things...settle down a bit. I think he knew your brother would be going after him."

"Oh."

"So I'm guessing you need a ride to school?"

"What? Oh...I didn't even think about-"

"I'll be there in five minutes." He cut me off before hanging up.

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Authors note: Please comment and Vote!

And stay tuned because Part 20 will be up in a blink of an eye!
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Chapter - 20

Good morning, afternoon, evening or Night!

Hehe, How is everyone today? Me I"M GREAT, why? Because I finished part 20! YAY Plus... I'm totally NOT Sick anymore. YAYYYY! Party Time. Not really. Okay.. WOW I'm Hyper. Anyyyyways.. yah I had a cold/ stomach flu/headache.. EVERYTHING! It was horrible. But I'm good now. =) So I wrote part 20. Hehe

Okay so OH MY GODDD I fricken LOVE you guys! My vote are going up and gaining new fans, you guys all rock! Thank you all soo much for the support, honestly-with out you guys I dont know if I would have

made it to chapter 20. TWENTY! Hahah Okay I'm done being crazy for now. But yes Thank you x 1000

and Please. COMMENT! & Vote. Please.

Vote if you like it.. Comment no matter what.

Love you all XoxoxX

Krissy

Chapter 20

Derrek pulled up in his silver 2009 Lamborghini Gallardo; usually when people would see that car they would stare with envy but I merely rolled my eyes with disgust. He looked over at me and smirked before hooking the horn even though I was already at the car. I opened up the passenger side door, gave him an evil glare before getting inside.

"Nice bag." He said sarcastically while looking down at my batman backpack.

"Shut-up and go!" I snapped back.

"Someone's P.M.Sing..." Derrek mumbled as he pulled his car out of the driveway and sped down the street

without even giving me the chance to put my seatbelt on. I glared at him once again before I pulled my seatbelt with much emphasize and wrapped it around me angrily.

"Honestly Derrek, why is it you can be such a complete dick."

"Ummm...Because I have money."

I couldn't tell if he was joking or not but either way it still pissed me off. I looked over at the overly muscular guy sitting in the drives seat; he had a snobbish grin plastered to his face. Curiosity was beginning to get the best of me as I finally asked the question that had been on my mind for the pass 15 minutes.

"Derrek, why are you all of a sudden talking to me and driving me to school? I'm not part of your 'in' crowd so why are you even acknowledging me."

"You can blame Trent for that one. He wanted me to keep an eye on you, make sure nothing happens..." He laughed but continued. "I sure fucked up last night, huh?"

I rolled my eyes at him. He was such an inconsiderate bastard.

"I didn't know you and Trent were such good friends." I finally said breaking the silence.

"There's a lot you don't know."

Suddenly a memory from last night I had tried to completely erase from my mind appeared. It was right after I had chugged half a bottle of Tequila and I was drunk...too drunk. The thought of my lips pressed up against Derrek's almost forced me to puke right then and there.

"Look Derrek...about last night-"

"What part?" He cut me off.

"The...umm...kiss." I said as my cheeks flushed red.

"Don't worry about it."

"It's just I don't...like you like that..." I mumbled, "What I mean is...That-"

He cut me off again before I could continue "I said don't worry about it, I'm not attracted to you."

"Oh right, your only attracted you older women." I snapped back.

I had no reason to be jealous but maybe my insecurities were starting to take over and I was hoping for some reassurance from Derrek. Which, apparently I was not going to get.

Derrek laughed his loud hearty laugh, "and where did you hear that."

"Hey, just because I never used to talk to anyone doesn't mean I didn't hear all the rumors. Like for instants how you've never slept with any of the high school girls and that you only go for older women."

"Like you said, those are all rumors." He said nonchalantly.

"So what are you telling me you're a virgin?"

"Fuck no; I lost my virginity to Tiffany in 10th grade."

"Oh, and she's the only girl you've ever slept with?" I said with disbelief.

"Yes actually, she is the only girl I've ever slept with." He replied truthfully. He turned his head towards me

while biting his lip as if he were having a debate inside his head but then finally continued. "I didn't sleep with her because I wanted to either. I slept with her because I thought maybe if I had sex with a girl, I'd start being attracted to girls."

"What are you taking abou-" I stopped mid sentence as my mouth dropped to the floor. "Wait are you saying..."

"Unfortunately, yes...I'm in the same boat as Trent-Or should I say closet."

"You know about Trent?" I said in surprise before realization dawned on me. "Wait, are you two..."

"It's an on and off kind of relationship and I'm guessing right now it's off. He was pretty pissed at me this morning."

"Oh my god..." I managed to whisper in daze of shock. "But you seem so-"

"Straight?" He finished my sentence. "It's called acting...I act like a big dick head who's too good for all the girls in high school, that way they don't

constantly try hitting on me. Well, aside from the stupid ones like Candise."

"Well, you're sure good at it." I said still completely taken back.

"Are you saying I'd make it as an actor?" He joked.

"Very good possibility." I said while smiling back at him. "Does anyone know...Like about you?"

"No." He said sternly while adding in the same tone, "other than Trent and I'd like to keep it that way."

"No problem; My lips are sealed." I wasn't lying either. Even though Derrek was a complete asshole (whether it was all an act or not I still wasn't sure of) but I knew this secret was not mine to tell. "So...If no one's knows about you but my brother...Why did you tell me."

"I don't know...I guess I feel like I can trust you." He admitted; I smiled up at him in response. "I can...Can't I?"

"Of course, your dating my brother so your practically family!"

This made him smile but just as quickly as the smile appeared it faded. "Well, I don't think were actually together right now..."

"He'll get over it."

"Hopefully..." He spoke softly as he stared out the windshield.

The silence was starting to become uncomfortable as I tried to change the subject. "So why don't you and Trent just tell everyone you're dating. Why do you have to hide, I mean it would be so much easier for you two if you didn't always have to pretend to be something your not."

"Shit." He shook his head, "Not likely, we're in high school doll. If me and Trent let any of those little immature teens know our real sexuality, we'd be teased more than the band geeks."

I shook my head at him in annoyance. "You guys are all the same."

"What are you talking about now?"

"You, Trent, Damen... You guys care to much what other people think; you are all so embarrassed to just be yourselves."

"Okay, Damen has NOTHING to be embarrassed about." Derrek said while pulling into a parking spot. I was so lost in the conversation I hadn't even realized we were all ready at school.

I turned to look at Derrek and said, "Neither do you or Trent."

With that I got out of the car and began to walk towards the school, not once glancing back at Derrek though I knew he was still watching me.

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I watched the rain pouring outside threw my classroom window as my nerves began to spike up. Soon the lunch bell would ring and because of the weather the whole student body would be in the cafeteria for lunch. I didn't know what to be expecting; whether Damen would act how he usually did around everyone else or if maybe by some chance he really was going to change. Either way I

was scared for lunch to come and as every second ticked by my nerves continued to grow.

I stared at the round clock that sat above the chalk board at the front of the classroom as the big hand joined the little one at the number 12. At that same instant the bell rang loud vibrating in my ears as my body froze with nothing but my heart rapidly beating.

The whole classroom erupted with noise as everyone piled out of the door hurrying away for their one hour of freedom. Both English and History class had dragged by so slowly this morning but now that it was actually lunch it felt like it approached too soon.

I slowly picked myself up off my seat as I could feel my palms begin to grow warmer. I made my way out of the empty classroom as slow as a slug before heading to my locker. It felt like barely seconds had gone by but I had already dropped off my books and was standing in front of the cafeteria doors.

I could hear loud laughter coming from within the room on the other side of the doors. Already I knew

the café was going to be unbelievably packed and obviously Damen lied beyond these doors as well.

"Okay stop being such a baby and open the door," I muttered quietly to myself.

I inhaled a deep breath before pulling the door open and entering inside the cafeteria, which too no surprise was completely packed.

I peered around the large room; looking from one end to the other. Almost all the tables were already taken up with one or two people sitting at them while their friends stood in the long line up to get food. Just standing in the crowded space all alone was beginning to make me claustrophobic. Deciding maybe this wasn't such a good idea I quickly turned around and was only second away from running back through the doors when someone's voice immediately stopped me.

"Stasee!"

His voice rang through my ears like a perfect melody making my stomach flutter around. I didn't have to look to see who it was because only one person in the

world could make my body feel so vulnerable; Damen.

"Where are you running off too?" I could hear the humor in his voice as I turned around to see Damen standing only feet away. An amazingly cute smile was plastered to his face with his oh so-perfect teeth shimmering under the fluorescent lighting. His chocolate brown hair was a bit messy but it definitely made him look that much sexier. He had worn-out blue jeans on and a perfectly fitted black hooded sweatshirt.

"Oh...I-uh-I...was going to-uh-go grab...some LUNCH!" I stuttered, obviously not being able to think of something quick enough.

"You're a horrible liar." He said teasingly as I felt my cheeks flush pink. "Here, I'll grab you some food from the café." He insisted while my response was barely a nod of my head.

Damen turned around and began to head for the big line up of students as I looked around the cafeteria once more. It seemed Damen yelling my name sort of got everyone's attention because almost the whole

student body was now staring at us in shock. The table only feet away from me sat 4 girls from my grade, I could here them whispering to each other in jealousy.

'Did Damen Hurtz honestly just offer to buy the Rainie girl lunch?' One girl whispered

'Seriously, she's not even that pretty.. I mean look how boring she looks-a t-shirt and jeans? How is that even possible?' Another replied.

'She's actually kind of cute but not as hot as she was yesterday.' A boy from my class cut into their conversation while eyeing me up and down. Instantly the girl beside him smacked up upside the head which made me smile in response.

"Stasee, you coming or are you going to stand there all day?" Damen called for me from the line, his perfect smile widening.

I could feel my stomach fluttering happily inside me while I seemed to be wearing an erasable smile on my face. I quickly jogged over to Damen and stood beside him in the line. Even standing in the line

staring at someone's back I could still feel half the cafeteria's eyes on Damen and me.

"Ignore them." Damen whispered as he reached his hand down and coiled his fingers in-between mine. My body exploded with fireworks; his skin against mine was all he needed to do to force me to melt inside and forget the entire world around us.

I looked up at him with a shy smile while he looked down at me with that perfect smile of his that never seemed to leave his lips. The loud noises that surrounded us seemed to vanish away as I became lost in his perfect brown eyes. I swear I could stand there forever, his hand enclosed around mine while our eyes seemed to want nothing more than to stare into the others forever. I could feel my heart beating against my chest as my eyes began to seek out his lush lips.

I felt my body rising up barely acknowledging that fact I was now standing on my tiptoes. My eyes stayed connected to his lips as I began to move closer to him, already imagining the taste of his sweet mouth.

"Damen! Oh my god, where were you this morning!" Candise's annoying shriek broke through our publicly intimate moment as all the sounds around me surfaced. I turned around quickly to see Candise dashing towards Damen; each time her heels clicked against the floor indicating her nearness my stomach would drop lower.

I quickly pulled my hand away from Damen almost the exact second Candise wrapped her arms around his neck. She shoved me out of the way as I lost my balance and began to stumble.

I looked down at my feet just in time to untangle them and prevent myself from falling. I looked up at Damen and Candise at exactly the wrong moment; Candise pull Damen's head towards her as she pressed her lips hard against his.

My whole body went num as everything around me became a loud messy circus of noises. I could feel my head spinning out of control as I became overly dizzy though somehow I had managed to turn away and begin to run.

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Author-in-Trainings Note:

Soooo What do you think?? Uhhh? haha Derrek.. Gay? WOW eh? Okay please vote and comment!

Chapter - 21

HOLY FRICKEN POOP!

I seriously pee'd my self. Okay.. maybe not, but I came darn close to it!

*I haven't been on Wattpad in over a week, nor have I written in over a week. Today I finally had time to write, so I did. Then I came on Wattpad to check everything out and upload. La De Da.. and what do I see...MY LAST FRICKEN UPLOAD GOT MORE THAN 700 VOTES! **Faints***

Omg, omg, omg. I can not stress how crazily amazed and stoked I am.

You guys are unbelievable.. Thank you, SO SO MUCH!

*Wow... **gets up and faints again***

Okay. Seriously you guys are amazing, thank you.

Now, Finally, here is chapter 21. I think you may like it! XD

Please comment and vote. haha Love you guys soooo much!

XoxoxX

Krissy

Chapter 21

"Get away from me!"

I was half way to the Cafeteria exit when Damen's voice reached my ears, I wasn't exactly sure if it had only been my imagination adding to the chaos inside my head but either way I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Stasee!" His voice came again; this time loud and clear as any false thoughts began to evaporate. I

slowly turned around to see Damen running towards me with Candise tagging behind him.

"Damen! What do you mean? What are you doing?" Her whiney voice made me shutter is annoyance.

Within seconds Damen was standing in front of me, breathing heavily while he tried to catch his breath. I could feel every pair of eyes in the room directed towards us in anticipation; waiting and wondering what was going to happen next. Even the few teacher supervisors in the Café stood still with both shock and curiosity.

"Stasee, you need to stop running away from me. What are you afraid of?" He finally spoke once as his breathing became more even.

At first I said nothing as I was a little taken back by the accusation but then my eyes landed on Candise. "But what about you and her?" I said while nodding my head to the girl who was still trying to approach us though her nine inch heels were slowing her down a bit.

"There is no Me and Candise...There never was and there never will be, honestly Stasee. I have never done, tried, or will do anything with her, never."

"But-" I started to say but was quickly interrupted as Damen's lips crashed down on mine in an explosion of pleasurable tingles.

I felt his arms wrap tightly around my waist as he pulled me in against his hard chest. My arms were hanging loosely at my sides as I stood there in complete shock which lasted merely a millisecond before I threw my arms hastily around his neck and pulled myself up towards him. Our lips moved together in perfect harmony as our hands eagerly tried pulling each other closer which was almost impossible.

My knees felt weak beneath me though my hold around his neck and his hold around my waist kept me from crumbling to the ground. His mouth tasted just as sweet as last time though instead I could taste a hint of maple syrup. His tongue was just beginning to find its way into my mouth when someone's hand grasped my shoulder and pulled me away.

That's when I realized we were still in the cafeteria. I looked around at everyone as they stared with their mouths dropped and eyes wide. I could feel my cheeks begin to burn up with embarrassment from our very public and yet very passionate kiss. I looked up at Damen as he seemed to be coming out of the same cloudy daze as me.

"W.T.F was that?!" Candise nearly yelled from behind me instantly forcing me to turn around to face her while covering my ears from her irritable voice.

"Candise, why can't you just leave us alone?" Damen spoke sternly as he came to stand at my side.

"What are you talking about Damen, you actually like this 'little' girl?" She said while emphasizing the word little.

"Little? Candise she is 16 years old and far more mature than you and your little groupies put together." Damen snapped back.

"But Damen...Look at her, she isn't even HOT!" Candise whined.

"What do you think you're hot? You look like a cheap prostitute and well shit, you act like one too! I'm sorry to break it to you 'darling' but guys don't like sluts like you. Stasee on the other hand, well, she is unbelievably gorgeous. She presents herself in a way that you never could."

(Quick Author's note mid-chapter: I just want everyone to remember that this book was written in 2008 when I was a teenager myself. This book is ***offensive*** *, and definitely in no way a representation of my own views. This was a different time, but this book is a great depiction of what life was like (with added dramatics and theatrics) for teenagers in the early to mid 2000s. I could rewrite this into a better version that isn't full of all the offensive stuff it is, but I like how this is a part of history. And shows us how far we have come since this time.*
Thanks for understanding!
Just-Krissy 2022)

I looked up at Damen with complete awe, his words making me want to wrap my arms around him again but never let go.

"Uh! Whatever Damen!" She said while flicking her wrist and putting her bare balm in his face. If she was trying to act mature she was definitely failing horribly. "And you..." Candise turn to face me with her face squished up into a very unattractive smug look. "Well, you can have him all you want...You-dirty-little-slut!"

It was at about that moment when I could no longer handle Candise's voice. Honestly, it had nothing to do with what she was saying anymore, I could care less what came out of her mouth. No, what came next was because I couldn't handle hearing her screeching, high pitched, whiney voice anymore.

My fist had already been clenched since the moment I heard her voice but I had been trying to control myself; I tried to remind myself that I won. Damen was mine and he didn't want her not now, not ever, but a person can have only so much control.

I felt my arm reach back before springing forward in one fast motion as it connected hard with her face. I felt something crunch under the pressure as she flew to the floor and began to scream loudly, tears began

flooding her face. "Sheeee brokeee my noseeee!" Her voice yelled out instantly making me regret doing it because obviously it didn't shut her up, it only made it worse.

I felt Damen's hand lightly tug my arm trying to get my attention. At first I just stared down at Candise completely shocked at what I had just done but I felt Damen growing impatient as I finally looked up at him.

"We have to get out of here..." He said while I followed his gaze and saw the few supervisors now advancing on us. "Like now!"

He grabbed my hand and began to pull me which finally broke me out of my shocked trance. We both began to run; hand in hand out of the cafeteria and down the hallways. We were running so fast and kept looking behind us that we didn't even noticed the old Janitor slowly making his way across the hallway.

Our interlocked hands ended up knocking Mr. Gergosh straight on his butt as we flew by him.

"You crazy, crazy kids, with all your hyper-ness jumping-jumpy inside you! If you want to run...Go in a Marathon!" He yelled back at us as he began to get up off the floor.

I felt bad not helping him up but it was either; go to the principal's office with a phone call home and perhaps suspension or be a rude teen and leave the old man on the ground. I had already punched a girl in the face; why not add another something to my 'bad girl list'.

Next thing I knew Damen and I were scrambling into his GMC truck. The second we were both securely inside with the doors locked we roared into laughter though it didn't last long when we saw a few teachers running out of the School's front entrance. I watched Damen fumbling for his keys inside his hooded pocket.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry." I muttered as I watched the teachers getting closer and closer.

They just made it to the parking lot when I heard the engine roar to life. Quickly Damen shifted the truck into drive and pulled out of the parking spot and

sped down the road. I suddenly roared into laughter while holding my stomach. I couldn't believe I had done that and yet it seemed so unrealistically funny. Damen looked over at me before he began to laugh to, both our voices echoing through the truck.

It was a good five minutes later when our laughter began to cease. I looked over at him as I bit down on my lip. I still couldn't believe what he had done; he had kissed me in front of the whole student body and then called Candise a slut. He had finally decided not to hide his feeling for me and had made, what ever our relationship was, very public.

"What are you looking at?" Damen looked over at me sheepishly, a half smirk plastered to his face.

I shook my head, "you surprise me, that's all."

"What do you mean?"

I looked up at him with a shy smile, "well...I just wasn't expecting that...In the cafeteria."

"I told you, Stasee. I'm going to change...I don't care what they think, especially Candise. You are the only person I care about and I'm not going to be afraid of

showing that." He looked out windshield before adding, "anymore."

I nodded my head as I peered out the window. I could feel my cheeks slightly turning red so I changed the subject. "So, where are we going?"

"I was thinking of just heading to my house. I mean, if that's okay with you?"

"Yah, that's great."

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"Did you want something to drink?" Damen asked me once we finally made it to his house.

I was sitting on the couch in his living room as he stood at the dining room entrance looking over at me.

"Just water is fine." I replied. He nodded before disappearing.

My eyes began to wander around the room; it was big and yet completely cozy. There were large window the looked out at their front yard, the sun shined through lighting the place up. Their couches

were a beige color with hardwood flooring and black glass top coffee table and side tables. There was no T.V but a big fireplace sat where the T.V would have been.

I turned my head behind me as I heard footsteps coming into the living room. I was a little surprised at what I seen. It wasn't Damen; instead it was Karis wearing nothing but a guys superman t-shirt and underwear. I inverted my eye brows in confusion as I watched her face turn a different shade of pink. She pulled down on the bottom of the shirt trying to cover her bare legs.

"Karis? What are you doing here?" I finally asked.

She stared me with the same wide eyes, "I should be asking you the same thing."

"Yah, well, I asked you first."

The look of surprise on her face quickly vanished as she ran over to me and plopped down on the couch; still wearing nothing but the t-shirt and underwear. "I slept here last night." She said with a smile that reached her eyes.

"What?! Tell me more..." I said excitingly.

Karis' smile grew as she went into detail about what had happened. Apparently, Karis had gotten a little too drunk last night and Brandon ended up having to take care of her. He was bringing her home when she had blurted out her true feelings for him. Brandon brought her here and let her sleep on his bed; when they woke up this morning they decided to skip school and talk.

"We finally talked about everything." She smiled, "he's liked me for years Stasee, but he was too scared to say anything."

"Yah, I kind of got that vibe." I pulled my knees up to my chest and wrapped my arms around them.

"I think, but don't quote me on this, but I think we might be...like, officially dating." She blushed, "he kissed me!"

"Awwww, Seriously?" I felt like I was being watched as I turned my head and saw Damen leaning on the doorway. He smiled up at me before waving his hand

dismissively; a way of saying he didn't want to interrupt us.

"Yes!" She cried out happily, "it was my first real kiss and oh my god, Stasee, it was magical!" She sighed happily before continuing, "so what happened to you last night? Last I remember you had disappeared with Derrek."

Instantly my eyes shot over to Damen; though he still stood there with his sexy little smirk. Karis' eyes followed mine as she finally realized Damen was standing there. "|Oooooh." She said as if that explained everything.

"I'll tell you about it later." I finally stated even though I hadn't decided if I even wanted to tell her. Honestly, I didn't want to ever talk about it again.

"I'll hold you to that." Karis said while getting up off the couch. She looked over at Damen and then back at me before winking. "I should probably get back up stairs before Brandon gets worried." She bit her lip before skipping out of the living room; not even caring about her half-nakedness.

Damen's eyes stayed locked on me; even as Karis walked by him in nothing but a t-shirt. He sat down beside me while handing me over a glass of water. "So, apparently my little bro had a girlfriend." He smirked.

"Apparently." I grinned back before taking a sip of my water.

I looked up at Damen as my eye scanned over his body, taking in every detail. He was completely breathtaking, every feature too perfect to be real. I could sit there and stare at him for days and be utterly content in doing so. I felt like reaching up to touch him just to prove to myself that this wasn't a fragment of my imagination; that today's events were real.

Ring, ring, ring

The sound of my cell phone ringing forced me to jump slightly out of surprise. I giggled before reaching into my pocket and pulling it out. I looked down at the caller ID; 'Derrek'.

"I wonder what he wants..." I mumbled to myself as Damen peeked over my shoulder trying to see what I was talking about.

"Hello?" I answered the phone.

"Stasee!?" Derrek's urgent voice echoed in my ears.

"Derrek, is that you?"

"Yes! Stasee, you need you hurry!" He exclaimed; he sounded like he was on the verge of crying.

"What...Derrek, what are you talking-"

He quickly cut me off, "Liam!" He gasped out, "Liam! He never made it to California!"

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Author-in-trainings note:

So...wow, Liam didn't make it to Cali..?

Karis and Brandon.. together AWWW..

And Damen and Stasee; CUTE!

What is going to happen next! :o

Hehe, Please vote and comment!
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Chapter - 22

Helllo!

Finally... Part 22. Man, can I take any longer! Lmfao!

Yes, I know its been like a forever, but psht.. W.E, it was christmas so if you want to blame anyone.. Blame Christmas! Lmfao!

Sorry I took so long everyone. But December was like Beyond crazy for me! Lmfao.

So here you guys go. I hope you like it!

Thanks for still supporting me and reading my stories.. even though I put you guys through Hell in making you wait forever. Love you all Sooo much!

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 22

I felt my heart sink as the whole world around me became a little distant movie. I held my breath as I stared out at the fireplace in front of me. I felt unable to form words in my mouth as Derrek's words began to sink in. -He never made it to California- The word's echoed in my mind as thousands of possibilities circulated through my head.

"W-what do you mean?" I stuttered as I looked over at Damen with wide eyes. He looked back at me with curiosity though I completely ignored him as all my attention was directed towards Derrek on the phone.

"I don't have any time for this, Stasee. Just come to Liam's house...FAST!?" His urgent voice forced me to think of the worst case scenario.

"Get off the phone!" I could hear my brother's distant voice yelling in the background. The line instantly went dead as my mouth dropped and my cell phone

fell to the ground. I could hear it hitting the hard wood flooring as the back piece broke off and scattered across the floor.

"We need to go!" I panicked as I stood up from the couch and began to run towards the front door. I could hear Damen's footsteps running behind me.

"Stasee, Stasee! What's going on?" He asked as he finally caught up to me, grabbing onto my arm; turning me to face him.

"T-Trent...We have to go!" I cried out; making absolutely no sense. I turned to face the door as I pulled it open and ran out into the chilly night air.

Damen followed me and I could tell he was utterly confused by the way he kept staring at me like I was some run-away-mental-patient. "Stasee!" He yelled out, trying to get my attention which, surprisingly enough worked.

I turned around to face him and even though I stood completely still, my whole body was moving at an unheard of pace. My heart hammered fast inside my chest as my body continued to shake with anxiety. I

felt my knee's weakening beneath me as my head span out of control.

"What is going on?" Damen demanded.

I knew our time was limited and Damen's constant questions were only slowing us down. I rolled my eyes angrily before replaying mine and Derrek's conversation to him. All my words seemed to mix in together as I spoke as fast as an auctioneer. I could barely understand what I was saying but Damen seemed to of got the just of it because before I could even finish, he was already running towards his truck.

Every second felt like a minute and every minute felt like an hour as I jumped into the truck and we sped down the street. Different scenes began to circulate through my mind as both Damen and I sat in the truck silently. I watched as normal things passed by my window as we drove; kids playing happily, cute old couples holding hands as they walked down the sidewalk, dogs running around in their yards. Everything seemed so normal and yet my life was the complete opposite.

I was driving to my almost rapist's house to most likely find him strangled to death by my brother. Just the thought of it forced my stomach to turn as I tried to hold myself back from puking. It really had nothing to do with Liam; I mean I could almost care less about what might've happened to him.

No, all my worry and distress was for Trent and only Trent. Honestly, I never really thought he was capable of doing the things that were now flashing through my head but then again, I had never seen him as angry as he was this morning. I closed my eyes as I imagined myself walking into Liam's house; a complete blood bath. Even though it was only my imagination making these scenes up in my own head it still hadn't stopped my stomach from dropping.

Liam's dead, motionless body lying on the ground as Trent stood up beside him. A bloody kitchen knife clenched in his hand as police barged in through the doors. All of them; looking over at Liam's body before charging at my brother; taking him down to the ground hard. As Trent fell to the ground, his face

would smash against the floor before erupting in blood.

Instantly I opened my eyes, desperately trying to shake the thought away. Trent wouldn't do that, he couldn't, there was just no way.

"Stasee..." Damen's soft voice interrupted my thoughts as I looked over to him. "It's going to be okay."

He reached over to me and tucked my hair behind my ear. His fingers trailed down my neck; the light touch of his rough skin against the softness of mine forced the hair on my arms to stand up. His fingers continued to down towards my collar bone before his hand landed on my shoulder. Gently, he began to massage my shoulder as he looked up at me with caring eyes; utter concern masked his face.

"It...It's a-all my f-fault..." I murmured as my eyes began to fill up with water. I closed my eyes lightly as two tears trickled down my cheeks.

Damen's arm snaked around my neck as he pulled me in towards him. I scooted over to the middle seat

as I snuggled against his warm body. He tightened his hold on me for a second before loosening it; he began to twirl strands of my hair between his fingers.

"How is it your fault?" He whispered quietly as he let go of my hair and began to caress my arm.

I slightly bit down on my bottom lip as another tear trailed down my face, "If I h-hadn't tried to c-change...Then m-maybe Liam wouldn't of..." My voice began to trail off as more tears left my eyes.

"What!?" Damen staggered; his hand instantly stopped rubbing me. He shook his head as he looked out of the windshield with disgust. "Stasee, do NOT blame yourself for what happened. It was NOT your fault...Liam has always been a disturbed boy and what he did was wrong. Very Wrong!"

"But-"

"No, it doesn't matter if you wore clothes a little more out there; that still does not mean what Liam did was right!" He growled furiously, "even if he would have done that to Candise; it still would NOT have been right nor would it have been her fault. It was Liam's

fault...So don't you dare try to blame yourself." He exhaled deeply, "okay?"

My face was gleamed with wetness as I shakily began to nod my head. I looked up at Damen as his crispy eyes began to grow soft once again. He looked down at me reluctantly before tightening his grip around my shoulders. He then held me close against his own body as I nuzzled into him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell." He said quietly.

A small smile twitched as the corner of my lips, "I know."

He looked back down at me and smiled sweetly, almost in a thankful kind of way. I watched him as his head bent down slightly and he pressed his lips gently against the top of my head. The small-almost invisible smile on my face grew as my cheek flushed pink. I fiddled with around with the hem of my shirt before looking away shyly. Even at times like this, Damen managed to make me smile; it wasn't a large smile and maybe it wasn't even considered a smile but either way I glad he was here. I laid my head

back against his chest as I attempted to get as close to him as humanly possible.

I cleared my throat, "do you know where Liam lives?" I asked him as I looked out the window watching as we passed by more houses. Honestly, I had no clue where we were anymore.

"Yes...its a little ways out. I'm trying to go as fast as I can without being pulled over."

I nodded my head against his chest. His one hand stayed glued to the stirring wheel as his other hand continued to rub my arm comfortingly. I looked over at the car clock; it had only been 10 minutes since we left Damen's house though it felt like an eternity.

Every second that went by seemed like a second too much. Anything could happen in a second and as my mind began to wander once again I wished we could just be there already. Thoughts of Trent being locked up in jail for life scared me more than words could express. He was my brother, my best friend; I loved him more than both my parents combined.

Once again, I tried to shake the thought out of my mind but it seemed to be clogged in there. I just kept replaying the horrific possibilities of what could be happening at this precise moment.

Even with Damen's arms wrapped securely around me; it still didn't give me the comfort I needed. There was no denying that him being here, helped me to keep somewhat control of my sanity, but even so it wasn't enough to keep the bad thoughts away.

"Stasee..." Damen's hesitant voice brought my attention back to reality.

"Yah?"

"...We're here."

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Krissy's Note: Hehe.. how did you like it.. I wanted to put a little more Stasee X Damen in the story.. its wasn't like overly cute.. or sexual but it was the inbetween chapter that was needed! :D
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Please Comment and Vote is you like it and stay tuned. I don't plan on making to wait 3 weeks this time. lmfao!

Chapter - 23

Hello Everyone!

Okay, So I finally finished Part 23. I know it took me along time but thats only because this Chapter was really HARD to write. I don't even know how many times I've tried in the past week and completely failed. But finally I am content with in.... And just to warn you now, I got teary eyed writing it soo if your as soft hearted as me.. You might want to keep a tissue near by.

Secondly, as many of you know I make it to the top finalists in the writing contest. So I'd like to take this time to thank everyone once again. You honestly do

not understand how much that ment to me. I've never in my life felt so proud of myself. Even when I graduated highschool I wasn't as proud as I am now and I owe that all you to guys! Thank you soo much. Thank you thankyou thankyou! I love you all

But yes.. Here is chapter 23. PLEASE Comment! I love Comments. and of course if you LIKE it.. Vote =D

AND now presenting Part 23...

Chapter 23

My heart stopped as I slowly looked up at the house that we were now parked in front of. Everything looked so normal; it was just your regular house in which wasn't too big nor too small. It was a perfect little cozy house with blue stucco sidings with black roofing. Three steps led up to the small porch which a cute little swing chair sat beside the white front door.

I took a deep breath before looking up to Damen, "so...I guess we'd better go find Trent and Derrek?" I whispered quietly; still fearing what it is we would find.

Damen nodded his head as he turned off the engine. I reached a shaky hand over to the door handle and opened up the truck door; slowly climbing out of the truck, being careful not to fall.

"Hang up the phone!"

Instantly my body froze as Trent's yelling voice reached my ears; he was inside the house. My stomach turned inside me; there was something about his voice that honestly scared me. Suddenly my heart began to race as I quickly ran towards the house not wasting another second. I could vaguely hear Damen running after me though I completely ignored him as I ran up the stairs and reached the door. I didn't even bother knocking as I grabbed the door knob and pushed against the door; fumbling into the house.

"Stasee?!"

Once I caught my balance I turned my head to look over at Trent. My eyes went wide with complete horror. The whole living room was a disaster; the glass coffee table was smashed into tiny peices, framed picture scattered across the floor, the space

rug was scrunch up and lying in a corner of the room and most of the cushions from the couch were thrown around randomly. The whole living room looked as if a small tornado had blown through and destroyed everything.

I looked back up at Trent. He was standing there with his arm securely wrapped around the neck of a chubby little red head; Liam. Blood smeared across Trent's face, starting at his nose in which honestly looked broken. His hair was a complete mess on top of his head and as my eye's trailed over to Liam he looked just as bad. His lip looked as if it had been cut right open and there was a small black bruise already forming under his eye.

But that was definitely not the worst of it. I looked back up at Trent as something finally caught my eye...Something I hadn't seen at first. In his free hand he was holding a hand gun; the gun directly pointed at Liam's head. Tears ran down Liam's face as he barely even acknowledged my presence. He stood there squirming against Trent's hold as he continued to beg for his life in quiet almost silent sobs.

"T-Trent..." I barely whispered.

Damen suddenly was standing right beside me as he began to take in the whole scene.

"Trent! What are you doing?" Damen's stern voice echoed through the room.

I began to scan the room in search of Derrek. Finally I saw him on the other side of the room standing again the wall holding his hands up in the air as if he were surrendering. He looked over at me with slight relief as he mouthed the words 'Thank god.'

Trent shook his head obviously trying to get over the shock of Damen and I barging into the house. "He can't get away with what he did to you Stasee!" He said staring at me and only me as he slightly loosened his grip on Liam.

"Okay, that may be true but still Trent, this will not solve anything!" I finally replied once I found my voice. I slowly took a step forward so I was once again standing next to Damen.

"St-Stay back!" Trent stuttered as he nudged the gun against Liam's head which forced me to freeze. My

whole body was not vibrating in fear and worry; I couldn't believe my own eyes, it was almost as if Trent had passed the point of sanity. But I guess this was normal behavior for a brother who would risk his own life for the safety of his little sister; he is my big brother and pretty much my both my parents in one. He feels the need to protect me and would obviously go to any extent to do so...even if it were morally wrong and completely out of character for him.

"Trent, Please. The police are on their way...You can't do this!" Derrek finally spoke up though he didn't dare move an inch as he did so.

The Police? I thought to myself as I began to panic. The thought of my brother being sent to jail forced tears to emerge in my eyes. I couldn't live without Trent, he couldn't go to jail...He just couldn't.

Anger quickly masked Trent's face, "Derrek, I told you to shut up!" Trent barked back at him. "Why are you protecting Liam? Do you have a 'thing' for him or something?" My brother hissed jealously.

"No! I just don't want to lose YOU!" Derrek cried back.

Trent stared at Derrek for a few my moments as frustration and sadness began to take over his face as he kept his eyes locked with Derrek's. Instantly, I could just see the passion and love they felt for each other; just by looking between the two of them anybody could tell how much they truly cared for one another.

Even Derrek; big tough, asshole Derrek was standing there tears rolling down his cheeks in fear of losing Trent. He stood there knowing that moving would only anger Trent further; staying still, he looked at Trent with pleading eyes. I could just tell by his face expression that he was feeling the same emotions I was feeling. Not fear for Liam but fear of losing the one person he cared about most in the world; Trent.

"The Police?...W-who called the police?" I finally butted in.

The second the words left my lips I regretted saying it. Trent's teeth grind together furiously as complete hatred grew in his eyes. "Liam did..." He growled in a low voice as his eyes looked down at the floor.

I then followed his gaze down to the ground as my eyes fell on a small cell phone that was now broken into two separate pieces.

"Oh Trent..." I whispered quietly.

I felt Damen's hand reach towards mine and intertwine between my fingers; lightly he squeezed my hand encouragingly. It was such a small gesture but even so it was all I needed to keep myself from falling apart.

I looked up at Damen as I watched his eyes trail towards Trent; he held his head up high as he shook his head slowly. I had to admire him; he was probably the only one of all of us who was able to stay completely calm in such a hellish situation.

"Trent." He spoke softly but sternly, "you have to put the gun down and let go of Liam. I know how much you want to make him suffer but killing him is only going to hurt Stasee more."

"Yah!?" Trent fought back, "and how would YOU know how much I want to make him suffer?"

"Because I want to make him suffer for what he did to her!" He said as I watch his control began to slip. "There is nothing I would like more than too force him to lay on the ground and beg for his life as I rip his head..." He trailed off as he realized his voice was growing louder and louder with anger.

Trent chuckled, a laugh that honestly forced the hair on my arms to stand up. He sounded completely different and psychotic; nothing like my big brother.

"Yes, because you CARE for my sister so much...Huh, Damen? If you actually did care for her you wouldn't have treated her like complete shit...Your almost as BAD as Liam!" Trent spat.

"Trent...Don't." Derrek said as he finally lowered his arms.

Trent's words forced Damen to lower his head in what I'm guessing was shame. I could see the sadness on his face as he lightly bit down on his lip. He slightly lifted his head as he began to speak though his voice was not nearly as firm as before, "Derrek, it's okay...He's right." He whispered quietly as he looked towards me as if he were trying to explain

himself to me rather than Trent. "I made a mistake...A few mistakes. I honestly had, still have, strong feelings for you Stasee, but I don't know. I was being thick headed; a jerk, an ass, a prick...There are so many words to describe what a complete idiot I was and I'm so sorry."

"Damen, it's okay. I know..." I then squeezed his hand this time.

"No, Stasee just let me finish."

I nodded my head as silence filled the room. Well, almost everyone was silent aside Liam who was still sobbing and now hiccupping as he muttered something along the lines of 'Let me go, please, please, please, don't, don't, don't.' Honestly, I don't even think he knew what was happening anymore.

Damen reached towards me as his cupped my face in his free hand. "I know I was stupid and immature, letting the stupid judgmental kids at school rule my life. It took me a while but I finally realized it doesn't matter what they think...They don't matter to me. I could live without them but I can't live without you." He stared me straight in the eyes as he spoke so

sincerely; honestly, for the few seconds he was speaking I had completely forgotten where we were and what was happening. "I was so worried about my reputation which was completely stupid. I don't even understand how I could have even remotely been embarrassed of you. You are the most amazing girl I have ever met. That night I brought you up onto the cliff? I have never in my life sat up all night long and just talked; we talked about everything and even pointless things like who would win in a fight-"

"Batman or Superman..." I finished his sentence as I felt my lips begin to form a small smile.

"Yes." He slightly smiled back, "from dusk until dawn; we just talked and yet that was probably one of the best nights of my life. Also Stasee, your real and you don't try to be someone you're not."

"Aside from yesterday..." I said quietly which made him smile again.

"That doesn't even matter..You're still the best thing that has ever happened to me Stasee Raine and I'm sorry it took me so long to realize that."

It felt as if my heart had melted inside me as I looked into Damen's chocolate brown eyes. Butterflies had taken over my stomach as the urge to jump into Damen's arms grew stronger. I wanted so badly to wrap my arms around him and never let him go but I knew that would have to wait for later. I then looked back over towards my brother; his grip on Liam seemed to of loosen a little once again.

"Let me go!" Liam's voice cried out as he nudged into Trent. Everything seemed to go into slow motion as Trent began to stumble backwards. I even watched as his fists clenched; his index finger slipped against the trigger as a loud bang echoed throughout the whole house. Everyone began screaming from the loud noise as an invisible force shot me to the ground. I groaned as I fell to my knees and hands as my head instantly began to spin.

"S-Stasee...I'm sorry. Oh my god, Stasee!! I-I didn't mean to!" Trent cried out as tears began to gush out of his eyes. He dropped the gun and ran towards my but merely stood up staring down at me in shock.

I looked up at his a little confused. What was he talking about, why was he apologizing. I felt something wet on my hand as I looked down a saw a small pool of blood underneath me. Who's blood was that? I thought to myself, but as soon as the thought came to my mind unbearable pain pierced through my entire body as I screamed out in utter agony. I fell to the floor on my side as my hand reached up to my stomach where it felt like my whole body had been ripped in half. My entire shirt was covered in thick liquid as my screams continued to pierce the air.

I opened my eyes as I saw Damen kneel down beside me; he was pulling his sweater off. "You'll be okay, Stasee. Stay with me, keep your eyes open." He managed to say though the tears that covered his entire face. He was breathing heavily obviously not getting enough air in his lungs as he began to full outcry.

I could vaguely here the sound of sirens in the background but wasn't sure if it was just in my head. "I-I-I..." I tried to talk but was cut off as I began to cough.

"Shhhh." Even Damen's shaky voice seemed distant. I struggled to keep my eyes open as I watched Damen scrunch up his sweater. He moved my hand of my stomach and pressed his sweater against what I guess was the bullet wound. I screamed loudly as he put pressure onto the wound; it hurt so badly but I knew he was just trying to slow down the bleeding.

"Stasee, I'm sorry! I'm Sorry. What have I done!" Trent cried out before instantly turning around to glare at Liam. "This is all YOUR fault!"

"T-Trent, don't." Derrek pleaded as I watched Trent begin to advance on the chubby red head.

Liam ran towards the gun Trent had dropped to the floor and quickly picked it up and pointed it towards Trent. "St-stay away!" Liam stuttered as his shaky hand held onto the gun tightly.

"LIAM! Put that down!" Derrek screamed with frustration.

Suddenly the doors burst open as 5 policemen barged into the house. I don't think they were expecting anyone to have a weapon because as their

eyes landed on Liam with the gun they all seemed to of taken a step back. Two cops spotted me and Damen on the floor as one of them pressed the button on their radio.

"Civilian shot...We need back up!" The officer urged into the radio.

"Liam...Put the gun down." One of the Police officers who obviously knew the boy said calmly.

"But.." Liam began to protest. I could hear more sirens in the background; though they were different from the first ones which led me to believe it was an ambulance.

"Put the weapon down and put your hands in the air!" The cop said more sternly.

I didn't look over to Liam because I was beginning to feel weaker but I figured he had listened because instantly the cops ran towards him.

Damen wrapped his arms around me tightly though his kept pressure on my stomach wound. Tears flooded his face; rolling down his cheeks and splashing against my face. My eyes were growing

heavier and heavier from the mass amount of blood I had lost. I didn't know how much longer I could keep my eyes open; I was just so tired.

"Stasee...P-please...D-don't Leave m-me." Damen cried as he held me close against him. I could vaguely hear a cop trying to get Damen away from me but everything seemed to just become so distant. The only sound that reached my ears was Damen's voice and I liked it better that way.

Suddenly I felt Damen being torn away from me, "Don't touch me!" Damen yelled, "Stasee! Stasee!" Damen continued to yell through his loud sobs. "Get away from me...STASEE!" I felt myself being rolled onto something a little more comfy than the floor but I couldn't see; everything had become just a blur.

"Let me go! Please, I need to be with her." Damen's voice continued to ring in my ear.

Finally I heard the sound of someone else's voice; a cop maybe?

"We'll bring you to the hospital Damen...But right now you have to let her go into the ambulance."

"But...I need to go with her!"

"You'll just get in the Way Damen! Get a hold of yourself; she is in a critical state. I'll bring you to the hospital."

Damen went silent for a moment, before I vaguely heard footsteps. I felt something lightly touch my arm and I knew it was Damen...Only one person could force tingles to shoot through my body while being in such unbearable pain.

"Stasee.." Damen voice came out so weak, I could tell he was trying to sound strong for me but he failed horribly. I could hear his sobs; his tears and running nose. I wanted to say what but I couldn't even open my mouth. I felt my eye lids dropping more and more as I heard his faint voice whisper, "I Lov-"

And everything went black.

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Krissy Note: ....

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Wow.

Anyways Part 24 is going to be up soon I promise. I'm really getting back into making time for writing.

But Yah Comment please! Vote if you want to!

Chapter - 24

Gooood morning.. Afternoon?? Maybe Evening.. Or night!

So I said Part 24 would be up sundayish. Well... CHECK IT OUT! It's sunday and I'm uploading! Like I said I'm actually really into writing right now.. I'm on a roll!

So this chapter isn't as big as the last one but my next Chapter will definitely be bigger. XD

I'm not going to make you all suffer through a long boring message from me sooo I'll stop talking now.

But just three more things.

1. I love you all and you all rock!

2. Thanks for all the comments (and keep them coming)

3. I love you all and you all rock (*cough* You should vote though *cough*)

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Note: This chapter IS in Damen's perspective..

Remember Damen's P.O.V (I just don't want you guys to get confused.)

And now Presenting....

Chapter 24

~Damen's P.O.V~

I sat on the hard plastic seats in the waiting room of the Hospital. I watched as a small family that consisted of two younger kids and a mother sat in the corner carefully trying to hide the tears in their eyes. Apparently the mother's father was on his death bed

and the doctors had come to the conclusion he may not make it through the night.

On the other side of me there was a bouncy mid-twenties lady; her excitement and eagerness made everyone else feel a bit awkward. She was soon to be an aunty; her sister was only a few doors down from Stasee and was in the middle of giving birth to a baby boy. Its crazy all the things you can find out about people just by sitting near them.

But what's even crazier is Hospitals in general. A hospital can both hold the saddest moments in your life and the happiest. It sees both death and birth; at the same time an old man is dying a new man is being born.

I myself was having problems trying to hold myself together; since the moment Stasee was admitted into the hospital the doctors had her in the surgery room under intensive care. They wouldn't allow me to go see her and neither would they tell me how she is doing. Apparently they needed to speak with a family member but her parents are unreachable at the moment and Trent is outside the hospital having a

mental break down. Derrek's outside with him and trying to calm him down though I hadn't seen them in the past half hour.

Everything just seemed like a horrible nightmare. I kept closing my eyes hoping when I reopened them I would be back at my house sitting in the living room next Stasee. It never happened though; I'd open my eyes to see the saddened faces of the small family across from me.

I had got to the point where I couldn't even cry anymore. Before this week my whole life had been boring and pointless. I never had any reason to live. I had friends who cared more about what they looked like than they did about me. I had parents who only came around to talk about my future plan and never once actually asking me how I was doing. But then in one night my whole life had taken a complete change for the better; or at least that's how it felt at the time.

I was laying on the couch in the living room at Trent's house. I couldn't sleep so randomly I went for a walk; I was just walking up the stairs when I saw Stasee leaving her bedroom and heading towards the

bathroom. It was like it had been the first time I had 'actually' really seen her. She was wearing these cute little pink pajama pants and a tight black tank top. She looked completely breathtaking; even with her bed hair and off balanced sleepy walk.

Curiosity had gotten the best of me as I made my way towards her bedroom. I walked into her room and began to look around; out of all my years being friend with Trent I had never actually 'seen' Stasee's room. I was a bit surprised at what I found, I mean I never knew anything about Stasee but still when I saw all her superhero comic books scattered across her desk table I small smirk had appeared on my face.

I had always been a little bit of a comic book geek though it was a secret obsession I kept hidden from all my 'friends' at school. I continued to roam around her room until I reached her large stack of C.D's; being once again surprised as I realized she had all my favorite bands. Most of the kids at Kersha High, well at least the people I hung out with listened to hip-hop. Stasee had C.D's of Josh Radin, The

Tragically Hip, Green Day, The Spill Canvas and so much more.

I sat down on her bed and reach over for a tattered little book on her nightstand table, "A Book of Scoundrels" but Charles Whibley. I couldn't believe my eyes, how could she honestly have all my favorites from my most cherished book to my most listened to bands. It was barely a second later when she walked into her room and saw me sitting there on her bed.

I remember waking up the next morning; my arms had been securely wrapped around her petite body. I had almost instantly jumped out of bed at I stared down at her; she was so beautiful but she was Trent's little sister. I couldn't believe what I had just done; I couldn't believe I had slept with one of my best friends little sisters. I had rushed out of the house without any explanation and instantly regretted it.

All weekend Stasee has been stuck in my head and no matter what I did I couldn't get her out. I went to a party at Derrek's house; where Jessica and Tiffany pretty much stripped naked for me but I still kept

thinking of Stasee. I ended up leaving the party early and by myself.

I fell so hard for Stasee but was in denial for such a long time. I had never liked anyone the way I liked Stasee and it completely scared me. No one had ever had such a strong hold on me and because of that I continue to run until I finally realized I couldn't live without her. When she finally forgave me and came to my house earlier today I felt like my whole life had been complete. Like this void inside me was filled and I finally had a reason to live. But now that reason to live was on the verge of leaving me forever.

Like I said before; I couldn't cry. I didn't know what was going on in the surgery room but the worse case scenario was beginning to haunt me. The family across from me had been told the worse news; a loved was not going to make it. While the lady beside me had been told the best news; her sister conceived a baby boy. A sat there in the same room with two of the most opposite emotions surrounding me while awaiting my news; whether it is the worst news or

the best news was the unanswered question that froze my body emotionless.

"No...No, not my Liam." I heard a soft voice crying from the hallways.

I looked up with curiosity as I got up off the hard chair; slowly I crept over to the doorway of the waiting room and peaked down the hall. Alicia Smitten, a curly haired red head nurse was standing a few feet away talking to one of the Police officers that had walked in on the earlier scene. The rather pretty lady who was also Liam's mother had tears rolling down her cheeks as she continued to shake her head in denial.

The officer placed his hand gently onto the nurse's shoulder in attempt to comfort her. "I'm sorry Mrs. Smitten but he already admitted to it." The policeman said softly.

"B-but L-Liam would never sh-sh-shoot someone." Alicia cried. "Aren't you going to do more investigating?"

The Officer sighed lightly, "There is no need too. We caught him red handed aiming your Husbands hand gun at young Mr. Raine. When he was questioned; he admitted to shooting Miss. Stasee Raine without hesitation."

"No! Oh, please...No. Liam...Not my Liam."

I turned around; not being able to watch anymore. I felt both shocked and guilty; shocked because I couldn't understand why Liam had admitted to shooting Stasee when it was in fact Trent who had accidently shot her and guilty because I already knew I was going to go along with that story; Liam being the shooter. I didn't so much feel bad for Liam; he deserved to go to jail for what he did to Stasee but I did feel bad for Alicia. She had always been an amazing Mother and far better than most the mothers in McLennan. I couldn't even imagine what this was going to do to the poor lady emotionally.

I had just sat back down on the hard chair when a tall dark haired doctor walked into the waiting room. He had been one of the many doctors that had been going in and out of Stasee's room since she got here.

"Trent Raine?" He called out while looking around the room. I jumped up to my feet as I felt the quick hammering of my chest.

"He's outside...It is Stasee? How is she? Please, tell me shes alright?" I began to ramble as I quietly raced over to him.

He looked at me skeptically at first, "I should really be speaking to a family member."

"Trent's not exactly sane enough to talk right now. Please, just tell me! She's going be okay...please tell me she's going to be okay." I could already feel pools of water filling my eyes.

He cleared his throat before motioning towards the hallway with his head. I followed him out into the hallways as everything around me began to fade away and all I could hear or see was the Doctor. Once we were away from any nosy ears he stopped and looked towards me.

"She lost a lot of blood." He began; instantly the tears in my eyes broke free as they fell down my face.

"But she's okay!?" I managed to yell out.

"For now. We have stabilized her and lucky the bullet missed all major organs and arteries. The bullet pierced right through the side of her stomach and came out at her side. It was only a flesh wound but as I said before; she did lose a lot of blood."

I wasn't exactly sure what the Doctor was saying; did that mean she was going to be okay? She lost a lot of blood, what did that me? I just stood there staring at the Doctor as the tears slowed down for the moment.

"At the moment she is unconscious and due to the amount of blood loss her body went into shock; we've done everything we could but we can't say whether or not she will wake up."

"What?! What do you mean?" I cried out, "what do you mean?!"

"Her body reached a high level of shock called Hemorrhagic shock; it prevented her cells from getting enough oxygen which forced her organs to begin to fail. Her body has gone into a coma. It is now a waiting game; there is nothing more we can do. I'm sorry Sir, it's in God's hands now." Doctor said quietly, "but you may go visit her."

"A...C-coma? But when will she wake up?!"

"It's hard to say..It could be hours, days, weeks, months...We can't promise you anything."

"So what are you saying, she might not ever...." My voice trailed off.

"I'm sorry..." He nodded slowly before turning around and disappearing down the hallway.

I stared at the empty spot where the Doctor once stood; it felt he had just clawed his hand into my chest and ripped my heart out. I didn't even notice the mass amount of tears flooding my face until I began choking on my own saliva. I fell hard to the white flooring of the hospital hallways; my head fell into my hands as my tears continued to flow. It was getting much harder to breath as began to hyperventilate, choking on my tears as I gasped for oxygen.

A few nurses were instantly at my side trying to help me though all I wanted was to get to Stasee's room; to wrap her in my arms and never let her go.

"You're lieing! Shut up...No! Please, no!" I heard Trent's voice echo through the hallways as I slightly turned my head although I was still gasping for air.

At the far end of the Hospital hallways Trent stood across from the dark haired doctor. I watched as he collapsed into Derrek's arms while screaming through his loud sobs, "no! Stasee...No!"

The nurses around me were trying to get me up off the floor but I continued to pull away from their grips as I began to feel dizzy. I tried to slow my breathing down while attempting to breathe properly as tears soaked my shirt. I could feel the wetness running down my neck before soaking into my clothes. Stasee had to wake up, she had too...

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Krissy's Note: Quick reminder.. COMMENT!
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Chapter - 25

Hello everyone! =)

Sorry it took me so long, Honestly, I thought I was on a roll...But apparently I rolled right into Writers block. Hehe, But the good news is.. I finally finished part 25. Yay for me! Hehe...And when I get home I plan to start part 26.. But I work the next 6 days straight.. So I won't have much time to write this week.. but I'll try and squeeze it in somewhere.

Anyways.. I hope you enjoy this chapter, thanks for all the commments and votes and becoming my fan... I love you all!

And please.. Continue to Comment and Vote. hehe

XoxoX

Krissy

Now...Presenting, PART 25!

Chapter 25

Three weeks later...

Damen's P.O.V Continues

~

I looked over at the form of a person lying on the hospital bed. I stood up off the hard chair as I walked over to her but as I looked down my eyes went wide. It was Stasee, but she was old. Her hair was white and her face was wrinkled; she was still as beautiful as ever but she looked nearly ninety years old. I turned around to look in the mirror behind me; I reached up to my face as the mirrors reflection mimicked my every move.

My hair was completely white as my face slightly drooped down from years of gravity and I looked nearly dead. I coughed as I turned to look back down at the sleeping women on the bed.

A doctor walked into the hospital room; a doctor I had never seen before.

"Damen, we need to talk." The doctor said softly as he looked down at Stasee then back up at me.

"...About what?" I asked fearfully; knowing exactly what he wanted to talk about.

"It's been 75 years Damen; she has no family left anymore...We need your permission to pull the plug."

"No, no...She's going to wake up, she has too."

"Damen..." The doctor shook his head as he glanced down at the old lady who looked so similar to Stasee and yet so different. "She is nearly 92 years old...Even if she were to wake up, her heart is already beginning to fail her; she won't be strong enough to pull through."

"No, no...She'll wake up...She'll be fine. No, no, no." My voice echoed in my ears as everything began to fade away.

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"Damen...Damen, wake up."

I sprang forward as my eyes flung open; my heart was pounding inside my chest and my body was drenched in sweat. I looked around the white room as my eyes fell on Stasee's motionless body. She looked the exact same as she looked last night, the night before and even three weeks ago. Her eyes were closed shut as her chest continued to grow before sinking with each shallow breath. Her hair was its regular deep brown color as it outlined her perfect face. I sighed with relief as I realized it had only been a dream.

I shuffled around on the hard chair that I had been sleeping on. My legs felt stiff and sore from the awkward sleeping position I was beginning to grow use to it. For the past three weeks I had been sleeping on that exact chair every second night.

"Karis is on her way over here...She was wondering if you wanted some coffee."

I finally looked up to where the voice was coming from. My eyes locked with my younger brother's as I quickly turned to look at the clock. It read eight thirty in the morning which meant I had only gotten at the

most two hours of sleep last night. I groaned loudly as I rested my head on Stasee's bed. I couldn't be mad at Brandon for waking me up because even if he hadn't, my bad dream surely would have.

"Why aren't you guys at school?" My voice came out a lot groggier than I had expected; I tried to clear my throat as I watched Brandon bite down on his lip.

"Umm, Damen...It's Saturday." He said each word slowly as if he were talking to a mental patient.

"Oh. Well, uh, sure...Coffee sounds good."

Brandon nodded as he began to head towards the hallway while pulling his cell phone out of his pocket. He hesitated at the door way before slowly turning around to look back over at me. "Damen..."

"...What?"

"You should, w-well, you should really go home and try to get some rest." He spoke softly.

"No!" I glared at him, "I'll be fine...And I'm not leaving until Dr. Moore kicks me out again."

I watched Brandon sigh heavily before giving up and heading out of the room. I turned back towards Stasee as I reached my hand up and brushed her hair behind her ear. For the past three weeks Trent and I had been trying to spend every second of the day here with Stasee but apparently the Doctors didn't agree so much with the idea. With the help of Derrek and his parents' money, we did manage to bribe them to let us visit her after and before visiting hours but of course there were conditions. Trent and I both had to take turns staying the night with her; with me staying every second night and Trent every other.

Apparently the idea of us sleeping on a hard hospital chair every night was completely out of the question. They also had gone so far as to kick us out during school hours; though in my opinion it was a pointless effort. Even when I did attempt to go to school; I couldn't pay attention to what the teachers said. Almost everything people said to me lately would go in one ear and out the other. There was only one thought stuck in my mind, one unanswered question that haunted me both awake and sleeping; will she ever wake up?

Stasee still hadn't shown any signs of awakening but I knew I would never give up on her. I would stay at her bed side for all of eternity if I had to. The only people that were really there for her was Trent, Derrek, Karis, Brandon and of course me. Sure, Stasee's parents had obviously come home when they finally found out the news but they didn't stay very long. They were here for the first week but had to leave again for work. It honestly didn't surprise very many of us; both Stasee's parents and mine were a lot alike. They were the type of people who cared more about working and making money than they did about their children. They figured as long as they paid the medical bill; they were doing a good job.

I sighed heavily as I placed my folded arms on top Stasee's bed and rested head down against them. I peered outside through the hospital window. The weather seemed to mimic my mood; it was pouring rain and had been like this for the past week. Water smeared across the windows making it almost impossible to see past the flooded glass. Everyday

seemed to slowly creep by; I would stare up at the clock as each second ticked to the next.

I had probably missed more school in the past three weeks than I had within the whole year. But a lot of things at Kersha High had changed since the accident; one being Derrek and Trent going public with their intimate relationship. Apparently after everything that had happened they realized that life was too short and ended up kissing in the middle of the hallways during the morning rush. With Derrek and Trent going public with their sexual preferences, Liam admitting that he had shot Stasee, Candise being humiliated in front of the entire student body and me becoming a complete loner who barely showed up for school; the whole 'A class' senior crowd had crumbled to the ground. Kelvin being completely homophobic began hanging out with some of the less known football players; acting as if his ten year friendship with Trent never happened.

Tiffany and Sammy finally ditched Candise and decided to follow their own dreams rather than being Candise's little sidekicks. Candise still roamed

the school with her head held up high; thinking she was the hottest thing since Megan Fox. The good news was; people seemed to envy her a lot less now.

Even with all of Kersha High completely changing for the better; I still couldn't manage to fake a smile. I mean, sure, I was happy that everyone was beginning to be true to themselves. Also, me finally stepping up and not letting the judgmental teens of today's society control my life had started some kind of epidemic. But I still couldn't gain the strength to smile, not when the women the love was caught between life and death, in the dreamless state that consumed her unconscious body relying on nothing more than the Hospital's computers and technology to keep her alive.

"How is she doing today...?" The sound of Trent's voice brought me out of my thoughts as I turned to watch him walk into the room and take the seat on the other side of Stasee.

I shrugged as I rested my head back down on the bed. My hand snaked its way towards Stasee's motionless body as I covered her cold hand with the

warmth of mine. I glanced up at Trent; he looked horrible and yet very similar to me. He had big dark circles underlining his eyes, his hair looked as if it hadn't been touched in days, he wore the same wrinkled clothes from the day before and even his body language showed signs of complete exhaustion.

"So...Uh," my barely used voice came out scratchy, "did you go to Liam's trial?"

Trent nodded slowly as his eyes stayed locked on Stasee. He cleared his throat, "yah...The lawyer was a bit pissed you didn't show up."

I rolled my eyes, "Liam admitted to it...They didn't need my statement anyways."

"Well, apparently they did." Trent's voice grew angrier as he finally looked up at me. "I guess Liam finally started thinking properly because now he's pleading innocent."

"What?!" I felt my heart skip a beat.

"Not that it really got him anywhere...He had already admitted to it, so he was charged as an adult with assault with a deadly weapon, attempted murder and

unlawful discharge of a firearm. He's been sentenced to ten years in prison and depending on how Stasee does; years may be added on." Trent finally finished and as I looked up at him; I could still see the shame and guilt the masked his face.

As much as Liam deserved to be punished for he had previously done to Stasee, the fact that it had actually been Trent who accidently pulled the trigger had been haunting him since the moment it happened. Every time he looked down at his little sister; tears of regret would fill his eyes. Many nights I had watched Trent waking up screaming such things like 'I'm sorry' or 'I didn't mean to'.

Countless times, Derrek and I had tried to convince Trent it was not his fault, that it was an accident and Stasee would never want Trent to be putting himself through all this. We could tell him a thousand times but it would never do anything; he needed Stasee to wake up and to forgive him herself, otherwise he'd never be able to let it go.

"Coffee anyone?" Karis' soft voice reached my ears as I left my head up off the bed. I turned towards the

doorway as Brandon, Karis and Derrek walked into the room.

I tried to force a polite smile onto my face but I could just tell by Karis' sympathetic look that I had definitely failed. She passed me over one of the two coffees in her hands before grabbing a chair and pulling it up to the end of Stasee's bed. Brandon followed her as he too grabbed one of the chairs from against the wall and placed it beside Karis.

Derrek walked around the bed and sat down on the arm rest of Trent's chair. I watched him as he wrapped his arm around Trent's neck and tilted his head against him. I then turned to look at Karis and Brandon as my eyes fell down to their interlocked hands. I couldn't help be feeling envious of the two couples, they both managed to find comfort in each other during such tragic times while I sat at the bedside of the only person who could have given me that comfort.

We all sat there in silence as we continued to watch Stasee's still body as her chest grew and sank with each deep breath. Whenever I was alone with Stasee,

I would usually read or sing to her and even sometimes talk to her but when all of us were with her; we would sort of just sit there and watch her. Small conversations sometimes would fill the silence but with both Trent and I never really joining in on them; they would quickly die down.

I took a small sip of Coffee; though it didn't seem to be helping very much because my eye lids still felt overly heavy. I struggled to stay awake but as soon as I rested my head against the side of the hospital bed; sleep had consumed me.

~

"Stasee, please, please wake up. I love you and I can't lose you...I'm so sorry, this is all my fault and I just...don't know what to do. If you don't wake up...I-I just don't know how I will manage to go on. Please, Stasee, Please. You are my baby sister; my everything...and I'm so sorry."

Trent's whispering cries forced me to open my eyes. I didn't lift my head up or really show any sign of being awake as I glanced around the empty room. My eyes finally fell on Trent; he was still sitting

across from me but Derrek and everyone else was gone. It was only me, Stasee and Trent in the room now.

Trent was looking down at his sister as tears rolled down his cheeks, his bottom lip was slightly quivering as he reached up and brushed Stasee's hair gently. "S-Stasee...Can you hear me? Please, you need to be strong...You need to pull through, I need you, we all need you." He coughed out through his silent sobs. "Please, you have to wake up."

I heard soft foot steps behind me.

"Trent...?" Derrek's quiet voice forced Trent to quickly wipe the tears off his face. "I'm going down to the Hospital cafeteria."

"O-okay." Trent mumbled back.

"Come with me, please."

"I'm not hungry..."

Silence filled the room for a second before the sound of Derrek's footsteps grew closer. I was starting to wish I was still sleeping because it felt like I was

invading their privacy. Derrek reached for Trents hand and I finally decided to close my eyes.

"Your never hungry, Trent...But you still have to eat." Derrek spoke softly.

"But, Stasee..."

"Damen's here."

"Yah, but..."

"Please, come eat with me."

Trent hesitated for a long moment before replying. "Fine."

I waited until they both left the room before I opened my eyes and sat up straight. I looked back down at the beautiful girl sleeping on the hospital bed. I bent forward as I lightly brushed my lips against her forehead.

"You have to wake up..." I repeated Trent's words as a single tear fell down my face.

I got up off the chair and moved onto the side of the bed. I reached towards Stasee brushing my fingers gently along the outline of her face as I began to

quietly sing "Things Left Unsaid" By, Disciple. A song I had found myself singing to Stasee over and over in the past three weeks.

"Oh how we talked, for hours upon end

What I would give just to do it again

Your lying there in this hospital bed

Wont you open your eyes

And lets talk once again.

If you fly away tonight,

I wanna tell you that I love you.

I hope that you can hear me,

I hope that you can feel me.

If you fly away tonight,

I wanna tell you that Im sorry,

That I never told you

When we were face to face."

I could feel the rivers of tears flowing down my face but I didn't stop singing even as my voice grew

shakier. I reached for her hand as I held onto tightly; "you have to wake up, Stasee..." I whispered quietly once I finished the song.

~~~

Krissy's Note: Okay.. So what did you all think? Like.. or no like?

Vote...or no Vote?

COMMENT!

LoL.. and stay tuned for part 26!
~~~

Chapter - 26

Hello everyone.

Yes I know its been awhile. I havent exactly been getting many days off work lately. Today I did have a day off, good news is.. I got some writing done. Bad news is...I only got half the chapter done. But because I might not be able to finish the chapter till later this week I figured I'll upload what I have now and Put the next part in this weekend. So.. Enojy!

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 25

Another Week Later...

Damen's P.O.V Continues...

I stared out of the Hospital window; looking to the west as the sun began to disappear behind the large mountain on the other side of McLennan. That same mountain was the place I had brought Stasee and somewhere along that mountain was the cliff that I seemed to find so much comfort in. Usually when I had a lot on my mind, or when I just needed to get away from reality for a while I would go there. But apparently even that cliff couldn't give me the comfort I needed.

Every morning I would watch the sun rise above the ocean on the east side. Each time the sun would rise; so would my hopes. A new day had begun and with this new day my faith in Stasee's awakening would resurface. But as every day came to an end and as I watched the sun set in the west behind those large

mountains; it felt like a part of my soul would disappear with it. Each day it seemed to get worse and worse. I would spend almost every day completely emotionless; I couldn't remember the last time I laughed...Well, actually I could. It was four weeks ago; right after Stasee had punched Candise in the face and we were speeding off in my Truck.

The only thing that kept reminding me that I was still human and that I wasn't a complete emotionless psycho path was when I cried. I would sit at Stasee's bedside; staring at her motionless body, praying and begging for her to wake up. But aside from the few tears I shed regularly; my facial expression stayed neutral. My strength to even attempt to fake a smile had vanished; the only time I spoke was to Stasee and I felt like there was a large void inside me. But I knew I would never leave her and I would stay at her side forever if I had too.

I turned back around to look over at the hospital bed in which Stasee laid peacefully asleep. I sighed before slowly walking over to the large bouquet of white lilies that sat on the bedside table next to a cute

little brown teddy bear. My fingers trailed along the stem of the flower as I inhaled the fragrant sent I was beginning to grow so use to. Every week I would go to the Hospital gift shop and replace the lilies with new ones.

I let my fingers fall away from the flowers as I moved towards the bed; taking my place on the seat next to Stasee. I reached my hand towards her before intertwining my fingers through her small ones. I rest my head on her bed as I looked up to her closed eyes.

"How's she doing today...?" I looked up to the sound of my brother's voice.

Brandon and Karis were standing in the doorway, hand in hand, looking down at Stasee and I with sympathetic facial expressions. I slightly bit down on my lip before shaking my head slowly.

Karis let go of Brandon as she walked over to the side of the hospital bed.

"Hey Stase." Karis said; trying to sound upbeat. "Me and Brandon are here...We can't stay long because

well, him and I are performing in Romeo and Juliet at the school today. Yah we both managed to get the two main roles in the play."

I saw the shimmering wetness that glazed over her eyes as she spoke. Talking to Stasee was always the hardest part; for all of us.

Brandon slowly made his way towards Karis. He gently placed his arm around her neck as he looked down at Stasee, struggling to smile.

"We'll, uh, maybe you know...We'll video tape it for you. That way, you don't miss out." Brandon said while stuttering over his words. "We just wanted to stop by and see how you were doing before we go."

"Yah, but we'd better go." Karis said softly while bending down and kissing Stasee's forehead, "we love you, Stasee."

I looked back over at Stasee as Karis and Brandon turned around and began to walk out of the room.

"Damen..." Brandon's soft voice reached my ears.

"Huh?"

"Are you sure you don't want to come?"

I nodded my head.

"I'm sure Trent would come in for a few hours and stay with her." Brandon continued but I merely just shook my head. "Damen, please...Just talk to me. You've barely said two words to anyone in the past week!"

I looked up at my little brother before letting out a heavy breath. I turned away and looked back down at Stasee.

"Damen! Seriously, just come watch mine and Karis' performance." Brandon's voice grew more urgent.

"No!" I finally spat out. "No...Tonight is my night with Stasee, I'll come tomorrow when Trent's here."

Brandon stared at me for another moment before turning around and leaving. I closed my eye for a second; trying to get myself under control. Brandon didn't deserve that, he was just worried about me but I'm only aloud to stay with Stasee every second night and there was no way I was going to give up even an hour of that time.

I looked back down at Stasee. My hand was still holding her as my other hand reached up and tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Stasee..." I whispered quietly. "I..Uh, I...Well."

I let out a heavy breath as my fingers slightly tightened around her hand before loosening.

"I don't know what I'm trying to say." I finally admitted as my eyes trailed from her face to our hands. I reached towards her and gently pressed my lips against the back of her hand. "It's just...Can you hear me? Stasee, please...Just show me some kind of sign. Please?"

I could already feel the small tears growing in my eyes, the tears that seemed to appear each time I attempted to speak to her. I turned my head as my eyes glanced back up at her angelic face.

"Please, Stasee...I need to know, just do something...If you can hear me; please try! Stasee,try...Some kind of sign, anything!" I begged quietly as a single tear fell down my cheek. I stared at her; waiting, wishing, hoping for some kind of sign. For something,

anything just to prove to me that she could actually hear me. But nothing happened; her body stayed as motionless as ever with the only movement coming from her chest.

My eyes then fell downwards as I felt the stinging pain of disappointment once again. I just wanted to burst into tears and never stop crying; to hold her body close to mine and never let her go. But I knew better; I knew I had to hold myself together, if not for me then at least for Stasee.

I then rested my head back down on the bed as my eyes found their way back towards mine and Stasee's interlocked hands. "Stasee..." I barely whispered her name as I continued to rest my head on the bed; my tears slightly beginning to blur my vision.

My eyes slowly began to close as my eye lids forced my remaining tears to roll down my face. I just wanted to hear her voice again, to look into her light brown eyes, to see her adorable little smile...I just wanted her to wake up.

Suddenly I felt Stasee's hand slightly tighten around mine as my eyes flung open and I jerked into an

upright position. "Dr. Moore, Someone, come here!?" I yelled as water filled my eyes once again. I quickly glanced towards her face; the feeling of her fingers still slightly moving against mine shot tingles through my entire body.

Her closed eye lids slightly fluttered as I sat there in anticipation.

"Stasee, come on!" I said with a shaky voice, "You can do it, just open your eyes. Please, Stasee...I know you can pull through!"

I watched her as her eye lids slowly began to rise upwards. Her sandy colored eyes soon found their way to me as tears streamed down my face. I felt completely paralyzed, all I could do we sit there and stare at her as tears of joy continued to flow down my face.

"D-Damen...?" Stasee's voice came out so weak and yet it was as harmonic as ever.

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I know its short, but its honestly the most I can get done at the Moment.
~~~

I'll try and write in the mornings before I go to work, maybe that way I can get my chapters done quicker. lol.

Comment and vote!

Chapter - 27

Hello everyone!

Okay, so I finished Part 27! Yay!! Wayne's World~Party Time~ Exellent ~weuweuweu..

..oh wait this isn't Wayne's world..

okay.. B.B.V Party time, Exellent.. weuweuweu

Anyways... This is part 27 and also the second last Chapter of BBV.. :o

Yes..It's coming to an end. After this chapter it will be the Epilogue and I'll have the Epilogue up by the weekend. XD

Tear It's soo sad to see this story ending.

I'd like to thank Each and everyone of you who have been supporting me all these months.. I don't know if I would have had the motivation to finish this if it weren't for all of you.. Thank you so much!

I hope you like this chapter as much as i did. Enjoy

And now Presenting..

Chapter 27

I was surprised I could even manage to muster out Damen's name. My whole body felt utterly weak; almost as if I were paralyzed. I knew I wasn't though, I could still feel the blanket that was wrapped tightly around me but even so, it was almost impossible to move. Not only that; but it also felt like I couldn't talk. My throat was unbelievably dry and burnt whenever I attempted to speak.

My arms, neck and legs all felt cramped; almost as if I had been sleeping in the same position for days. But it honestly felt like I had only been sleeping for hours and the urge to go back to sleep was growing stronger by the second.

I looked up into Damen's deep brown eyes as a few tears rolled down his cheeks. The corners of his lips were stretched upwards into a large smile as he attempted to wipe away his tears. I couldn't understand why he was crying or why he was holding onto my hand so tightly.

"Oh, Stasee..." He whispered out as he pressed his lips against my forehead. "I-I never thought I was going to see those beautiful eyes again."

It was so weird seeing him cry; in all my years I'd never imagined I'd see Damen Hurtz cry. But there he was, sitting right next to me as tears streamed down his face. He continued to mumble things that were completely incoherent to me. I think he might have been saying something along the lines of: oh thank god, your awake, I knew you'd pull through and just a bunch of other weird things like that.

My eye lids continued to grow heavier as I let them slightly fall down. "I-I..." I tried speaking to Damen; it hurt so badly but I felt I needed to tell him. "T-think...I'm g-going...to go...back...to sleep."

Instantly the smile on Damen's face vanished as it was replaced by concern.

"No, no, Stasee. Don't go back to bed, stay awake." The tears in his eyes stopped falling as he held tightly onto my hand; slightly he began to shake it. "Stay awake, Stasee. Please!"

I glanced at him a little confused; why did it matter? Why did he care if I went to sleep?

"B-But...I'm tired..." I barely whispered.

"No, Stasee! You have to stay awake!" He was now beginning to yell. "Doctor! Nurse! Someone, please!"

Doctor? I thought to myself, what on earth was he talking about? Finally I began to glance around the room I was in; it was at that moment when I realized I was hooked up to some kind of Hospital machine. With a little more analyzing, I noticed I was in a Hospital room and lying on a Hospital bed.

"W-What's going on?" I looked up at Damen fearfully. My pulse began to quicken as fear and confusion mixed together inside me.

"Stasee! Thank god, you're awake." I turned to see a lady with a light blue uniform on, "I'll go fetch Dr. Moore." The nurse said with excitement before rushing out of the room.

"Stasee...What's the last thing you can remember?" Damen asked softly.

I looked up at him before I began to think about it. It was weird; my memory sort of seemed fuzzy. The past week was a bit of a blur but at the same time it wasn't. I remembered Damen finally admitting his feeling towards me in front of our entire school. The memory of our very passionate kiss in front of everyone forced my cheeks to redden. I thought harder as the image of me punching Candise in the face slightly made my lips form into a smile. I knew that wasn't what Damen was talking about; I needed to look further into my mind.

"D-Derrek...He called me." I finally mumbled though the memory was a bit unclear; I couldn't remember why he called me.

"Do...Do you remember anything else?" Damen questioned.

That's when the memory came back like a bomb exploding in my head. Trent had made it to Liam's before he left to California. When Damen and I finally showed up at Liam's house, Trent had a gun pulled out on him and I...I was shot.

I tried to move my arm, I wanted to see my stomach but it was too hard to move. My body was so weak but I managed to move my hand to my abdominal. It felt tender and was still slightly in pain.

"I...I want to see it." I whispered out.

"See what?"

"My...My stomach."

Damen nodded as he pulled the blanket off my body, he slightly lifted up the hospital gown. I glanced downward only to see a deep red scar; a few little red dots surrounded the bullet wound. My brother once had stitches, so when I saw the red dots I knew right away they were from stitches.

"How..." My voice trailed off as I stared down at the healing wound with confusion. "How is it already healed, didn't I just get shot yesterday?"

Damen slowly shook his head right before a tall dark haired man wearing a Doctor's uniform came into the room. "Oh, she was right...You are awake." He stared at me in shock, "Usually patients don't wake up so abruptly...Usually they show some kind of signs first; I-I'm shocked."

"W-What on earth is going on?" I finally demanded.

The doctor walked over to the machinery I was hooked up to but didn't reply. When he finally turned towards me; instead of answering my question he began bombarding me with his own; How old are you? What is your name? What is today's date? What is your address? What are your parents' names? What is the last thing you remember? The list went on and on, and as he was asking all these questions, Damen quickly sneaked out of the room. I could see him through the crack in the door as he paced back and forth while talking on his cell phone.

I looked back up at the Doctor and I tried to answer the questions as best as I could. I noticed the more I talked the more my voice grew stronger. I had

answered every question right aside from the 'What is today's date?'

Apparently I had been in a Coma for four entire weeks. When he told me that I sort of just laid there staring up at him. It felt like I had barely been sleeping for a few hours, although it did explain why the stitches in my stomach had already been removed and also why my whole body was so weak and cramped up. But even so, it was still a little bit of a shocker.

I looked up as Damen walked back into the room, "I just called your brother; he's on his way over."

"Trent?" I gasped with excitement.

The doctor looked up at Damen, "Okay, well she seems to be fine; she is showing no signs of memory loss which is a good thing and she also seems to have complete control of her limbs. But we will need to keep her here for one more week just to do a few more tests and to keep an eye on her recovery."

I rolled my eyes at the way the Doctor was talking to Damen like I was a little kid or something. Like,

Really? He couldn't just turn around and tell me all that instead of acting as if I was incapable of understanding. Damen looked over at me and smirked; he must have noticed the way it had bothered me because his smirk was more like a teasingly 'Ha-ha' smirk. I glared at him as he nodded at the Doctor.

Slowly he made his way back towards me as Dr. Dink Face left the room. Damen sat down on the seat next to me as he reached for my hand.

"Not a big fan of the Doc.?" He asked while still smirking.

"I'm pretty sure he likes men." I said stubbornly.

"Hey, what's wrong with liking men?" A voice I recognized too well, forced me to turn my attention towards the doorway.

"Trent!" I yelled out. I wanted to jump off the bed, run over and give him a huge hug. The only problem was I was having enough troubles moving my arms never mind standing on my legs.

My brother ran over to me and grabbed my limp body as he pulled my into a tight hug. "Oh Stasee!" He muffled into my hair, "I'm so sorry, you have no idea how sorry I am. I never meant to."

Mine and Trent's conversation continued like that for what seemed like an eternity. He apologized more times than I could even count and every time I would tell him that it was okay. I knew it was a mistake; he didn't mean to. I remembered looking at him that day; he was getting ready to surrender, he was just about to let Liam go when Liam decided to shove Trent away from him. As Trent tumbled backwards, his finger had slipped against the trigger.

It was a mistake, some horrible accident. But there definitely was some good that came out of all of it. Liam was sent to jail; locked up in prison where he belongs. A lot of people may say that what happened to Liam was unfair but I'm sorry; after what he did to me, he deserves to be locked away.

It was about 10:30pm when Trent finally decided he was going to head home. He still hadn't accepted my

forgiveness and said that somehow he was going to make it up to me. I merely rolled my eyes.

"Whatever Trent. Honestly, look at me - I'm fine." I said while smiling, "Now go home and get some proper sleep...You look like shit."

He laughed, "Oh gee, thanks sis." He gently kissed my forehead before turning around and heading towards the door. "Goodnight you two." He then left both Damen and I sitting in the room alone.

I turned to look over at Damen, "You should probably go home and get some sleep as well."

"No way." He stated with a grin, "Tonight is my night here with you...So I'm staying."

"Your night with me?" I questioned him, "What does that mean?"

"Well, while you were being little miss 'sleeping beauty', the doctors allowed both Trent and I to take turns staying the night with you."

"Seriously? Then, where did you guys sleep?"

"On these chairs." He replied.

"Oh...No wonder you two look like hell!" I exclaimed.

Damen laughed as he began to trace his fingers along my hand. I slightly bit down on my lip as a small shiver ran down my spine. Words couldn't express the way it felt every time he touched me; I honestly never wanted it to end.

Once I was finally able to pull my mind away from the tingly feeling I was getting, I finally said, "Well, if you aren't going to go home and sleep, then I'm not going to let you sleep on that chair."

"Oh yah? And where do you suppose I sleep then?" He raised his eyebrow.

"In bed with me." I said as my cheeks flushed pink.

"You're so cute when you blush."

"Oh, shut up and get your ass into bed." I said while trying to move over a little bit; it was still hard to move but I seemed to be getting a little better at it.

Damen slowly crawled into bed next to me; it was a little squishy because the Hospital beds were only

singles but it was nice having him so close against me.

"I don't want to go to sleep." Damen yawned as he snaked his arm around my waist and pulled me closer against him. My whole body seemed to instantly warm up as I lifted myself up slightly and looked over at him.

"Damen, your eyes are so black you look like you've been punched in the face. You need to go to sleep." I whispered quietly.

He sighed, "But you just woke up."

"Like four hours ago."

He yawned again, "Let's pull an all nighter."

I smiled, "Let's go to bed."

"Can I ask you a question first?" He asked softly.

"Anything."

"When...When you were in the...uh, Coma...Did you hear anything?"

At first I was going to say no, but then the memories of all my weird little dreams came back to me. I kind of giggled at the thought of some of them, but others were a little more...Depressing.

"I don't know...I had some weird dreams." I finally admitted.

"Like what?" He questioned as his hand reached up towards my face. He ran his fingers gently through my hair as I slightly shuttered from the touch.

"Well, there was this one dream I had a few times." I said while giggling again. "But don't laugh."

"So, what? You're allowed to laugh at it but I'm not?" He smirked.

"Oh, shush. Okay well anyways, it was about you." I grinned sheepishly, "You were a big rock star singing your very own version of 'Things Left Unsaid' By Disciple...And the weird thing was, you were actually like, really good." I giggled as I looked back down at him.

The second I had finished talking Damen's cheeks grew red as he shyly looked away from me. At first I

was a little confused as to why he was acting all embarrassed, but then suddenly it hit me.

"Wait." I reached for his cheek and pulled his face back towards me, "Were you...Actually singing to me?"

He bit down on his lip bashfully as he slightly began to nod his head. My eyes then widened as I stared at him in shock. I honestly hadn't known he was such a good singer; I mean if he actually was as good as he was in my dream then...Wow.

"You never told me you could sing?"

He replied with a smart-aleck remark, "You never asked." I gave him the 'your-a-dick-face' kind of look as he lightly coughed out a laugh. "Honestly Stasee...I've never really sang in front of anyone before."

"Oh, so it's another one of your little secrets...Like your comic book obsession?"

"Do I hear a hint of jealousy in your tone?" He teased.

"Jealous? Of you?" I scoffed, "The only thing I might be a little jealous of is your remarkable ability to have so much faith in the inadequate."

Damen laughed, "And who is this inadequate person you speak of?"

"Superman." I stated without hesitation.

"Superman?!" Damen laughed louder.

"Yes, Superman..." I stated, "I'm sorry Damen, but Batman could take Superman any day."

"No way!" Damen exclaimed, "Superman has laser eyes, he fly's, mega strength, he-"

I cut him off knowing the list would take too long, "Yah well, what about in 'The Dark Knight Returns'...Batman is like fifty years old and he still beats Superman!"

"No!" Damen yelled out, "That was all just staged!"

"Yah, maybe Batman's 'heart attack' was but not Batman kicking Superman's ass!" I fought back.

Suddenly the door leading to the hallways opened as a small little nurse peaked through. "Excuse me, can

you guys please keep it down...Others are trying to sleep."

"Sorry..." We both said in unison as the nurse nodded before shutting the door behind her.

We both began to laugh quietly. As soon as our whispering laughs died down; a loud yawn escape my mouth. "Okay...It's time for bed now."

"Fine." Damen jokingly pouted.

I was just about to lye back down on the bed when Damen's hand wrapped around my head. He pulled my body forward as our lips crashed together. My stomach instantly began to flutter as my heart thumped loudly inside my chest. He began to massage my lips with his own in one of the most passionate, heart throbbing kissing I'd ever experienced. His arms moved down to my waist as he held me tightly against his body, almost as if he were afraid to let me go.

I finally pulled away as I began to gasp for air. I looked down at him as my entire body felt like I was floating on cloud nine.

"W-What was that for?" I gasped out.

His breathing was just as heavy as mine as he pushed his body up towards me and pressed another sweet kiss against my lips.

"Just a goodnight kiss." He whispered as he fell back down on the bed.

I smiled down at him as butterflies fluttered around in my stomach. "Well...Good night to you too." I whispered before I nested my head against his shoulder, my arm wrapped around his chest.

He snaked his arm around my waist as he pulled me closer against his warm body. "Sweet dreams, Stasee."

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Krissy's Note:

Please Vote and comment if you like this chapter..

Also, anyone who isn't easily disturbed please check out my short story I wrote for the Suspense/mystery contest. "Isolated Youth" .. It's a little bit of a horror type story aswell.
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And lastly...If you are looking for a good book to read while your waiting for another BBV upload..

Please, I beg you to check out Life Altering Moments by Kaye..

Link:

http://www.wattpad.com/user/kaye21

It is A-May-Zagggg!

Love you all

XoxoX

Krissy

Chapter 28

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

I was sitting in the passenger's seat of Damen's GMC truck as we pulled up to the front doors of my house. It had never felt so good to finally be home. After being at the Hospital for six weeks (two of which I was awake) home felt more like heaven where as the hospital was my hell. Two weeks of constant physiotherapy and even mental therapy had completely worn me out. Luckily, my recovery had been a lot quicker than most peoples and being released after only two weeks after waking up from a month long coma was miracle in itself.

I looked up into the windows of my house as I noticed that all the lights were out which indicated my parents weren't home. I had talked to them about three times since I had woken up. They said they loved me and that they wished they were there for me, they said to get better and hopefully they would be able to make it home sometime soon. This would probably upset most teenagers; finding out that you had been in a coma for a month and your parents were only there for one week. Or that once you finally did wake up, they were too busy 'working' to even come and see you. But it honestly didn't bug me, I didn't need them. At this point in my life, I actually people who cared about me and were there for me and they were all I needed.

"Home sweet home." Damen's husky voice reached my ears as I turned my head towards him. A small encouraging smile sat crookedly on his face.

"Thank god," I smiled back. "I swear, if I had to have one more bite of that disgusting Hospital Jell-O, I would have..." I scowled while shaking my head,

unable to think of a proper word to describe what I'd do.

Damen laughed, "Hey, that food didn't look so bad."

I rolled my eyes and was just about to glare at him when I caught a glimpse of something in the rearview mirror. Instantly my eyes lit up as I watch Trent's 72 Chevy pickup pull into the driveway with both Trent and Derrek sitting inside it. Behind them was Brandon's black S.U.V and although the windows were fiercely tinted I could still manage to see Karis' sitting in the passenger's seat with Brandon driving.

I heard Damen slightly chuckle at me. "What?" I questioned.

"Nothing." He said as he continued to smile, "Here, let me get your door for you."

I watch Damen as he jumped out of his truck and came over to my side of the Vehicle. He opened the door for me before offering me his hand to take.

"Hey, just because I got shot in the stomach and went into a Coma for a month doesn't mean I can't open my own door." I said with a playful smile.

"Now, now, Stasee...How do you know I'm not just being a gentlemen." He teased.

I slightly blushed but then reached for his hand and slowly climbed out of the truck. My stomach was still tender and if I moved a certain way, pain would shot through my body. After two weeks of physiotherapy, I did manage to wake my body up and stretch all the cramps out but I knew it was still be awhile later before the bullet wound would fully heal.

"It's a miracle!" Karis yelled from Brandon's SUV. She had the door opened and was leaning over the frame of it. "She can walk!" I watched her as she fully jumped out of the vehicle and began to run towards me.

All the guys were slowly getting out of their vehicles and walking up towards the house while Karis bounced happily to me within seconds. Of course she had seen me almost every day since I'd woken up but I guess finally seeing me out of the hospital, made her all hyper and excited. I couldn't blame her because honestly, I was pretty excited to be out of there as well.

As Karis' small arms wrapped around my body and pulled me into a tight embrace, I winced. Her stomach pressed against my own which put pressure against the bullet wound.

"Be careful short-stuff..." Darrek said in his low, cool voice. "She may be walking but she did just get shot a little over a month ago."

I could just barely see Trent behind Derrek but at the mention of me being shot I did noticed how he lowered his head. Even after two weeks of me constantly forgiving Trent, saying that obviously he didn't mean to and that it had been an accident, he still hadn't fully forgiven himself. I knew that it was going to take some time before Trent came to terms with it and nothing I could say would speed up the process anymore.

"Oh, my god." Karis exclaimed as she pulled away remorsefully. "Sorry Stase...I guess I wasn't really think about that."

I smiled almost immediately as I wrapped my left side arm around her neck and pulled her into a small hug, careful not to press my right side stomach

against anything. "Don't worry, it's just a little scratch." I said with a smirk.

"Alright, kids, let's take this party inside." Trent teased. He walked up to the front door and began to unlock it as everyone else followed him into the house.

Once we were all scattered around the living room, Trent disappeared into the kitchen to fetch everyone some drinks. I sat on one of love seat sofas with Damen, although I had to carefully position myself onto my left side. Brandon sat across from us on a matching chair with Karis resting on the arm rest lazily.

"Maybe I'll go help Trent out." Derrek finally broke the silence as he got up off the other love-seat and headed towards the kitchen.

I then seemed to let my mind wonder over to school and all the days I've missed, luckily it was Friday and I wouldn't have to go back to school for another three days. Also the teachers seemed to let my six weeks off also count as the suspension I should have received for punching Candise in the face. Apparently most of

the teachers at Kersha High weren't very fond of her either so they tried to give me the most minimal punishment. But even though I would be going back to school as soon as the weekend ended the amount of catching up I'd have to do was already stressing me out to the max.

"Stasee?" Damen spoke softly as he reached for my face and lightly brushed his hand along my cheek. I felt my stomach begin to flutter. "Are you okay?"

Once Damen's hand pulled away from my face the dreamy state he always caused my body to transform into slowly vanished away. "Huh?" I murmured before I realized what he had actually asked me. "Oh...Uh, yah I'm fine. Just a little stressed out about school, I guess."

I heard Brandon laugh from across the room as I jerked my head towards him. "Did I say something funny?" I asked him skeptically.

"Kinda." He finally replied. "Stasee, you are ahead of everyone in class...Hell, you're ahead of me and Karis. You don't have any catching up to do, but at last the entire class has caught up to you."

Karis giggled, "Stase, He's right." She said as she ran her fingers through Brandon's deep brown curly hair. "You'll be ahead of everyone in a week or so...Well, unless Mr. Hurtz over there distracts you too much."

I felt my cheeks flush red just as Derrek and Trent walked into the living with their arms full of glasses. They handed both Damen and I our Pepsi's and then gave Karis and Brandon their 7ups before they got comfy on the other love-seat sofa.

"So, what'd we miss?" Trent asked as he scooted a little closer to Derrek.

"Oh, just Stasee admitting that she's 'stressing out' about school." Brandon said with a crocked smirk that was so similar to Damen's.

Derrek and Trent both chuckled the exact same way Brandon first had.

I scoffed, "Why does everyone keep laughing at me?" I demanded as I folded my arms against my chest.

"Well, Doll, even though you've missed over six weeks of school, I'm sure you're still doing way better

than all of us." Derrek said with a devilish grin plastered to his face.

I jokingly glared at him before I took a sip from my Pepsi. Damen reached towards me and pulled me closer to him which instantly forced my heart to flutter. I turned towards Karis and Brandon, "So how's your guy's play going?" I knew they had been rehearsing 'Romeo and Juliet' almost every second day. Apparently the first day I woke up from the coma they had actually performed in front of a small group of people at Kersha High but their actually real performance in front of all of Mclennan would be happening in about a month from now. I had already bought my tickets.

"Great!" Karis exclaimed. She turned and looked down at Brandon with loving eyes. "Brandon is amazing at acting as Romeo."

Brandon smiled shyly as he reached for Karis' hand. "Well, it makes it so much easier with you being Juliet...I don't have to pretend to be in love with you."

"You're too sweet." Karis smiled before bending down slightly and pressing her lips gently against Brandon's.

"Now, now Children...Leave that stuff for in the bedroom." Trent joked.

"Yah, none us wanna' to see that shit." Derrek agreed. His trademark smirk tugged at the corners of his lips.

Karis grabbed a throw pillow from the chair and tossed it at Derrek. "Whatever, Mister hallway kisser." She fought back which instantly broke everyone into laughter. When I had first woken up from my Coma Trent had told me about his and Derrek's very public make-out session in the middle of Kersha High's hallways during the morning rush. At first I had been extremely surprised that he and Derrek had actually come out of the closet, but once the shock subsided, I was overjoyed for them. Plus, they were so much happier now.

"Shut up Midget, that was only one time!" Derrek laughed out while tossing the pillow back at Karis.

"Don't be calling my girlfriend names." Brandon joined in as he grabbed Karis and pulled her off the armrest, holding onto her protectively.

I turned my attention away from the little jokingly fight Trent, Derrek, Karis and Brandon were having and looked towards Damen. It was at the moment I noticed he hadn't even been watching them; he was actually sitting there looking down at me. My cheeks began to burn as I looked away shyly.

"Is there something on my face?" I finally asked while trying to clean off my face with my shirts sleeve.

"No." I could hear the smile in his voice.

I turned back towards him and looked up into his deep brown eyes that were still softly looking down at me.

"Then what are you looking at?"

"What? I'm not allowed to stare at my girlfriend?" He smirked.

The shy look on my face vanished as I stared up at him in shock. That had been the first time he had

actually referred to me as his 'girlfriend'. In all honesty, in the past two weeks since I had woken up, I hadn't known what to label our relationship as. We had been acting like we were together but never actually had that conversation.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I mean I guess I just figured..." Damen finally said after a very long and awkward silence. "I should have asked...I mean, if you don't want to be..."

"No, no, no." I quickly replied once I found my voice. "You just surprised me, that's all." I spread my arms out wide before bombarding him with a tight hug. "I'd love to, I want to be your girlfriend, I do!"

I could hear Damen's muffled chuckle against my hair right before he pulled me into a tighter hug. I could feel the pain in my stomach soar through my body but I tried hard to ignore it. I didn't want him to let go of me, even if it hurt.

~*~

It was about three hours later when everyone finally left, leaving me and Damen alone in my big empty

house. I just finished waving goodbye to Derrek and Trent who were now speeding down the street. I stood at the front door as I watched the truck disappear out of sight.

Derrek had decided that because today was their one month 'out of the closet' anniversary, he was going to bring Trent somewhere special. Trent had been a little skeptical at first seeing as I had just returned home from the hospital today. But after about a half hour of convincing him it was alright and that I'd be fine here with Damen, him and Derrek bounced out the doors like a couple of seven year old kids heading to an amusement park.

Brandon and Karis had left about twenty minutes before my brother. Brandon nearly had to drag Karis out of the door and I'm sure they managed to be at least ten minutes late for their "Romeo and Juliet" rehearsal. Luckily, I highly doubted either of them would get so much as a slap on the wrist because from what I heard, Ms. Sherman, the drama teacher,

favors Brandon and Karis like they were her very own children.

"Are you planning on standing out there all night?" Damen called to me from the living room.

"So, what if I am?" I answered back while walking back into the house and toward the living room.

Once I entered into the room I looked to my left where I found Damen leaning lazily against the piano. His smile brought up both sides of his mouth, and a dimple surfaced. I could feel my insides melting as I watched the way his eyes locked with mine just before his facial expression softened.

It wasn't very hard to acknowledge the fact that this was the first time Damen and I had actually been alone, like really alone since our time on the cliff. Even at the hospital, it would almost seem like we had privacy but the second the thought ever came to mind, someone would open the door and 'check in'

on us. But now, here we stood in my empty house, completely alone with nothing but the sound of our breathing to fill the silence.

I could feel my knees as they began to weaken beneath me. I took a small step away from him in an attempt to keep myself from tumbling to the ground. Soon, I found myself standing up against the back of the couch staring at Damen as he pulled himself away from the Piano and took a step closer to me. I felt my pulse edge up a degree as he dipped his head so his mouth was at my ear.

"Do you want me to leave?" He whispered as his warm breath tickled against my skin.

"No." I finally breathed out.

I could feel his arm brush against mine as our bodies were separated by nothing but a mere inch. Neither of us moved, holding onto the fragile link that welded us together. I grabbed the back of the couch behind

me, using it for support as I looked up at his face. A small smile tugged at his lips while his eyes seemed to carefully seek out mine. His face was both patient and pleading as his hands soon found my waist. He lifted me onto the back of the couch, which leveled my face with his.

He fixed me with a seductive, inviting smile as my legs dangled, one on either side of him. He reached toward me as his fingers slightly grazed against the outline of my face. Gently he brushed my hair behind my ear. I could feel my body shudder in delight as I sat there barely acknowledging the fact that I was holding my breath until I felt my lungs tighten. I let it out sharply just as he pulled his hand back.

I felt so empty when he wasn't touching me, like there was a part of me missing. I couldn't stand it. I snaked my arms around his neck and pulled him against my body. I wrapped my legs around his torso. Our faces were so close I could feel his breath against my lips. It smelt so sweet and inviting, all I wanted

was to taste it, to feel his rough lips against the softness of mine.

"You're so beautiful." He said barely above a whisper. I stared into his eyes and realized they were as sincere as his tone.

My breathing was growing heavier with anticipation but I still managed to mutter out, "shut up and kiss me."

Our lips crashed together urgently as my body trembled involuntarily. We kissed like we hadn't been together for years, like it was going to be the last kiss we'd ever share. I slid my hands down his back as I reached for the hem of his shirt. I slowly began to tug it off him, which forced us to break our kiss.

For those five seconds we were apart I felt so alone but as soon as I looked at his body, I grinned. I seemed to become quite content staring at his

perfectly sculptured body. I bit down on my lip, trying to contain myself from pouncing on him like a lion.

"Upstairs?" I suggested in a small voice still holding onto his t-shirt.

He nodded. Damen's arms wrapped around my waist as I then melted into his embrace. He pulled me off the back of the couch. The whole way upstairs and into my bedroom Damen continued to plant tender kisses against my skin. He started at my lips and made his way toward my chin. He slowly went down my neck, ending at my collarbone before making his way back up. Each time his lips brushed against me, I felt a burning sensation tickling against my skin.

Soon I found myself being gently laid down on my bed as Damen slowly crawled onto of me. I realized I still had his t-shirt in my hands as I dropped it to the floor. He lightly brushed his lips against mine, almost teasingly. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him tight against my body as I rolled over

until I was on top of him. Both my legs rested on each side of Damen's body as I sat up and slowly began to peel off my long sleeve t-shirt before tossing it to the floor.

I watched the way Damen stared up at me hungrily, but there was also something else in his eyes. It was something I hadn't seen the first time we had done this. It was more soft and sincere. I could see the lust in his gaze but it seemed like it was more than just lust - it was something deeper, something stronger. I liked it.

I fell back down against his muscular body as my lips found his. Eagerly, I deepen the kiss as his masculine arms wrapped around my small waist. The tingling feeling that erupted through my entire body overpowered the tenderness of my stomach wound. His tongue soon found its way to my mouth as I tasted the sweet warmth that it delivered.

I felt him attempt to unhook my bra. After a few seconds of him trying, I reached behind my back and with shaky hands unhooked it for him. I pushed myself up a little bit as my bra slid down my arms and I flung it to the side. I felt so exposed to him as my bare breasts fell out of the bra cups but as soon as my eyes met his, all my insecurities were erased. He stared at me with nothing but sheer yearning and passion.

His hands reached up towards my face before slowly making his way down my body. Barely touching me, and yet grazing the skin enough to force me to arch my back as a small moan escaped my lips. He roamed his way down to my thighs and then back up towards the buttons on my jeans. Slowly he began to undo them as my hands fell down to his chest. I held myself up as he gently pulled off my jeans and underwear, which left me sitting there completely naked. I slid my hands down his body until I reached the beginning of his jeans, fumbling to get them undone.

Once we were both naked Damen wrapped his arms around my waist and rolled me back over so he was once again lying on top of me.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" He breathed heavily.

I smiled admiringly at him before whispering, "I've never been so sure of anything in my entire life."

The first time we had done this was absolutely nothing compared to this time. Everything was so much more delicate, more passionate, and just plain better. This time it felt right.

~*~

I looked over at Damen who was now lying on my bed wearing nothing but a pair of boxer shorts. He was on his side, resting his head in his hand as he watched me get dressed. I pulled on a pair of black boy-shorts underwear before reaching for Damen's

black 'John Deere" t-shirt and pulling it over my head. I completely drowned into his shirt and yet it was probably one of the comfiest things I'd ever worn.

As I peered over at Damen again, I noticed a smile smirk had taken over his face and I couldn't help but notice a hint of amusement in his eyes.

"What?" I finally asked as I placed my hands on my hips and waited for his answer.

"You look so cute in my t-shirt." He finally replied as a bashful smile grew on my face. I was just about to look away shyly when he suddenly pulled me onto the bed with him. I yelled out aloud which soon was followed by giggles.

He rolled me over him and placed me on the other side of the bed as he hovered over me. His eyes scaled my body before meeting my own gaze. Just lying there, staring into his deep brown eyes made me feel warm inside. I never wanted this to go away, I wish this moment could last forever. I knew it was getting late and my eyes constantly tried to remind me of how tired I was. But I didn't want to go to sleep,

lying in bed with Damen at my side was better than any dream ever could be. I wished I could just stay awake and never let the moment end.

"Damen..." I finally whispered out.

"Yah?"

"Can you promise my something?" I bit my bottom lip.

"Depends...?" He said skeptically, although he held a smile on his face that said, 'I'd do anything for you.'

"Can you promise me that when I wake up in the morning...You'll still be here?"

This actually made him chuckle. I was lying there trying to have a serious conversation with him and he was laughing at me.

"Stasee..." He began as he dipped his head lower towards me, complete seriousness took over his tone. "I'm sorry to break it to you...But you're officially never getting rid of me." He then closed in the small gap that separated mine and his lips. Tenderly, he

pressed his lips against mine which caused my stomach to do summersaults.

"Good." I spoke against his mouth as I felt his lips form into a smile.

Slowly he pulled away from the kiss, as his eye soon found mine. Our gaze stayed locked for awhile, neither of us spoke. The only sound that reached my ears was the sound of our hearts beating inside our chests and our light breathings. He reached his hand towards me, cupping my cheek as he watched me with admiring eyes.

"Stasee..." He said barely above a whisper, "I love you."

I felt my heart melt inside me, as everything seemed to completely disappear around us. I stared at him for what felt like hours as his words continued to echo in my ears like the perfect lullaby. I could hear the hammering of my heart growing with speed as I tried to comprehend what he was saying. Did he actually just say that? I thought to myself. I looked into his eyes, realizing he was waiting for me to reply. But honestly, I couldn't speak; I was still trying

to convince myself this wasn't just a dream. I reached for my leg and pinched it.

"Ouch!" I called out. Okay, this must not be a dream, I finally concluded.

"Did you just pinch yourself?" Damen asked trying to keep himself from laughing.

"I...Uh." I tried to come up with a good enough reason for pinching myself but couldn't think of something fast enough. "Yah...I did...Just making sure this is real."

He laughed lightly before lying back on the bed. He reached towards me and pulled me tightly against him as I melted into his warm embrace and snuggled my head against his chest. Everything was so perfect. I finally had my fairy tale come true. In the past two months my life had changed completely. I had friends, my relationship with my brother grew stronger, my life was no longer isolated, and lastly I had the perfect boyfriend. Sure, a lot of bad things had happened to, Liam for one, which no matter what the memory of that night would probably still haunt me for years to come. But at least now he was

locked up and wouldn't have the chance to finish what he had started.

But even though so much bad things had happened in the past two months, the good things over powered the bad and if I could ever go back in time...I wouldn't change one thing.

I glanced up at Damen, he was still staring down at me lovingly, like he too was too scared to go to sleep, too scared to let this night end.

Finally, I whispered out, "I love you too." And I meant every word of it.

I felt Damen press his lips against the top of my head. He tightened his grip around me as I felt his heart thumping through his chest and against my cheek. I could hear every beat of his heart as I soon fell asleep with only one thought in my mind, Damen loved me...And I loved him.

The End

Support me as a Wattpad Author! Buy me a coffee

My personal link to Buy Me A Coffee is in my profile "About me"

Thank you all so much for all the support. Maybe one day I can become a full time author.

~~~~~~~~~~

Authors note:

OMG...Omg...omg.

Okay just give me a second.

Wow..

Awwwwwwwww, I can't believe BBV is finished! :O I've been writing this since July 2009, and now.. its over! Wow.

I still can't believe it. I mean some of you have been reading BBV since july, some just started reading it, others joined in later on. Some of you I recruited from Youtube (from the girl who had tried Stealing BBV) some of you I recruited from the dollz site (from the girl who also tried stealing BBV) Some of you heard of this story from friends, or just from wattpad.
~~~~~~~~~~

Nine months BBV has been going on and yet you guys have been so patient and awesome with my tardiness. I can't believe its over...But at the same time, I think it was a good story. I REALLY enjoyed writing this story and well, I LOVED the end XD <3 hehe

I cannot express my gratitude to all of you, honestly, you all say your my "fan" but in all honestly, I'm your guy's fan, I love each and everyone of you guys because if it hadn't been for you...BBV prolly wouldn't have made it this far.

Especially too who ever it was in July who harassed me to turn BBV into an actual novel rather than just a short story. Honestly, when I first started writing BBV I had no plot thought up..Even as I wrote this story, never once did I have a plot thought out, each chapter was just as much a surprise to me as it was to all of you.

I'm rambling I know...But seriously...I can't believe I finished BBV, and its all thanks to you guys!

I LOVE YOU ALL SOOO MUCH!

But on a sadder note...There will be no sequel to BBV. I'm sorry, I just feel this story has came to an end, a perfect end and I'd like to keep it like this. =D

But I am planning to write other stories and I hope all of you will check them out.

I hope you all enjoyed BBV, and PLEASE COMMENT, and VOTE, Lets get BBV on the whats hot, one last time. :P

Wow...I still can't believe its over...

About the Author

Just-Krissy